

MARVEL

FEBRUARY · 1942

No. 28

10¢

COMICS

MYSTERY

STARK TERROR WAS UNLEASHED IN THE UNDERGROUND DEN OF EVIL UNTIL THE HUMAN TORCH BLAZED DOWN!



MARVEL

FEBRUARY · 1942

No. 28

10¢

COMICS

**STARK TERROR WAS
UNLEASHED IN THE
UNDERGROUND DEN
OF EVIL UNTIL THE
HUMAN TORCH
BLAZED DOWN!**



Still on top!

EACH MONTH MORE AMERICAN READERS ARE PROCLAIMING

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE KING

OF THE Comics!

AND STORIES LIKE THESE ARE THE REASONS WHY

SYMPHONY OF TERROR!

A MAD KILLER TURNS AN OPERA HOUSE INTO A DEN OF TERROR!

SQUAD of MYSTERY

IMAGINE CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SURPRISE TO FIND A NAZI DIVISION IN THE ARMY OF UNCLE SAM!

THE FEUD MURDERS!

FOLLOW CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY AS THEY PLUNGE INTO THE MYSTERIOUS BACKWOODS TO UNCOVER THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE EVER TO MEET THEIR STARTLED GAZE!



10¢

At all NEWSSTANDS

GET YOUR COPY OF

CAPTAIN AMERICA NO. 11 TO-DAY

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn. by Timely Comics, Inc. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Meriden, Conn. Contents copyright 1941 by Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Vol. I, No. 28 February, 1942. Single copies 10c. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in U. S. A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Art and Editorial by Funnies, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. DES.
COPYRIGHT 1966



THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH MERRY LAUGHTER, AND THE GROUNDS TEEMED WITH COSTUMED REVELERS, FOR IT WAS MARDI GRAS TIME IN CONEY ISLAND... BUT, DEATH INTERRUPTED THE FESTIVITIES AND BROUGHT TO LIGHT THE CORRUPTED GAME OF IZAN, WHOSE HENCHMEN PREFERRED SUICIDE TO THE GRUESOME DEATH HE DEALT OUT TO THOSE WHO FAILED HIM! **THE FLAME MASTERS** KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING BEHIND THOSE SUICIDES... BUT WHAT??

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

YOU MEAN, WE ARE TO LEAD THE CONEY ISLAND MARDI GRAS?

THAT'S IF YOU'LL ACCEPT THE OFFER!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, TORCH?

SURE, WHY NOT? IT'LL BE FUN, EH, TORO?

YIPPEE!



THE NEXT DAY, AT CONEY ISLAND, A SHRILL WHISTLE DENOTES THE START OF THE PAGEANT.

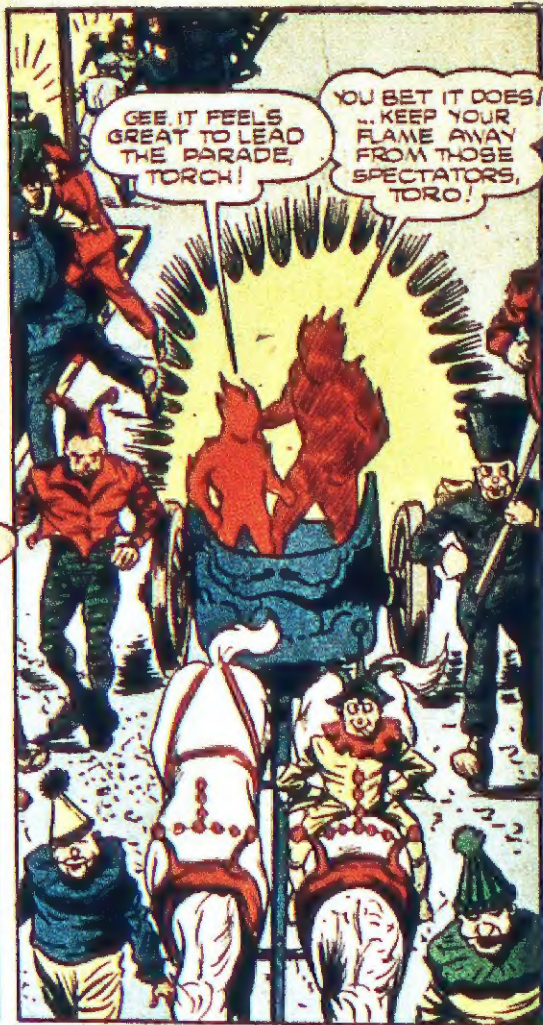
**MAKE WAY FOR THE
FLAME MASTERS!**



...AND DIRECTLY BEHIND TORCH AND TORO,
THE MARI GRAS OFFICIALS!

WHAT AN ATTRACTION
TORCH AND TORO
PRESENT!

ATTRACTION?
YOU MEAN A
COLOSSAL
SPECTACLE!



GEE, IT FEELS
GREAT TO LEAD
THE PARADE,
TORCH!

YOU BET IT DOES!
...KEEP YOUR
FLAME AWAY
FROM THOSE
SPECTATORS,
TORO!

SUDDENLY...

TORCH! THE
OFFICIAL'S CAR!
IT'S BLAZING!

THAT CLOWN!
HE'S GETTING
READY TO
THROW
SOMETHING!

A BOMB LEAVES THE
CLOWN'S HAND AS
THE TORCH WINGS
INTO ACTION!

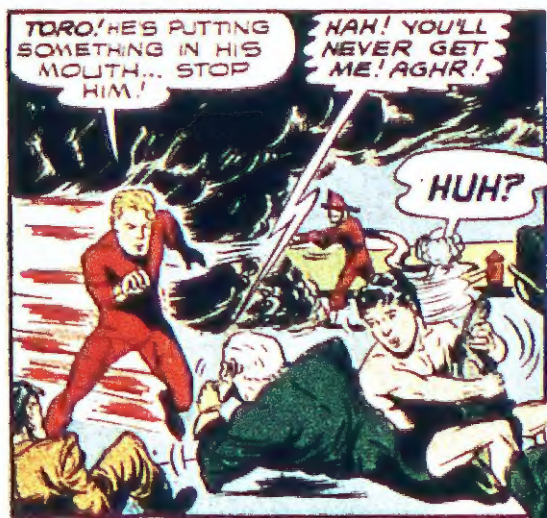
I'VE GOT TO
STOP THAT
BOMB...

...BEFORE
SOMEBODY
GETS HURT!



CAUGHT IT! A
FLAME BOMB!
JUST MY MEAT!
NOW FOR THAT
CLOWN!





THE NEXT DAY, IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

THAT CLOWN'S SUICIDE HAS ME PUZZLED, AND I'M PUZZLED ABOUT MARTIN GASPING ABOUT THE TOWER AND SMUGGLERS BEFORE HE DIED!

WHY DON'T YOU TWO GO DOWN TO THE ISLAND, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN UNEARTH!

THAT'S A GOOD SUGGESTION! LET'S GO, TORO!

SO, LONG 'COMMISH! WERE OFF TO THE AMUSEMENTS!

AT CONEY ISLAND!

A TOWER... THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO LOOK FOR, TORO!

AND THERE IT IS... THE PARACHUTE JUMP!



WOW! WHAT A LEAP!

HMM! WERE GOING UP FOR A RIDE, TORO!

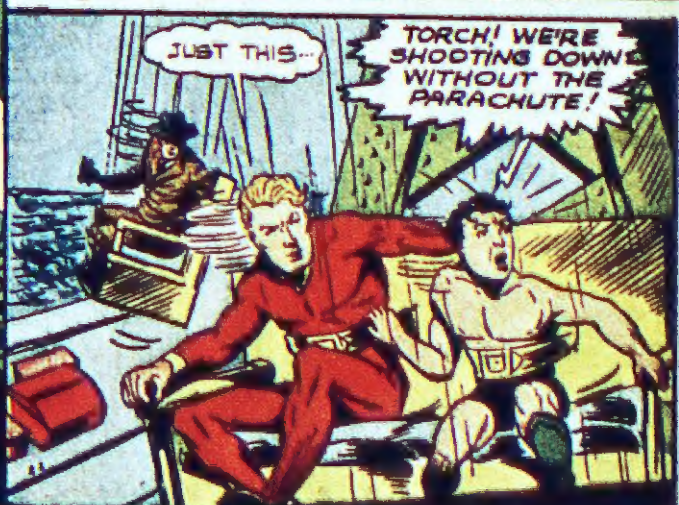
AND AS THEY NEAR THE TOP...

I FEEL LIKE A STRATOSPHERE FLIER!

SAY... THAT CABIN ALONGSIDE OF US DOESN'T DESCEND LIKE THE OTHERS! AND A MAN'S INSIDE SCANNING THE WATER WITH FIELD GLASSES!

LOOK, TORO! A BOAT LOADED WITH BOXES JUST PULLED OUT OF A SECRET COVE!

SO WHAT?



JUST THIS...

TORCH! WE'RE SHOOTING DOWN WITHOUT THE PARACHUTE!

TORCH AND TORO BLAZE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE CABIN.

YOU GO AFTER THE OPERATOR.. I'LL GET THE ONE IN THE TOWER!

OKAY, HOT-SHOT!



AS THE TORCH NEARS THE TOP, A FIGURE HURTTLES PAST HIM!

WHAT IN...

HAH! HAH! DEATH IS MY ONLY WAY OUT!



BLAST IT! A SECOND SUICIDE!

TOO BAD, TORO... DID YOU GET THE OPERATOR?

THERE'S THE OPERATOR RUNNING INTO THE CROWD!

BETTER PUT OUR FLAMES OUT... MIGHT HURT SOME-ONE!

NO! THIS BIRD CLAIMS TO BE THE TICKET COLLECTOR!

LET'S GET HIM!



HE DUCKED IN HERE!

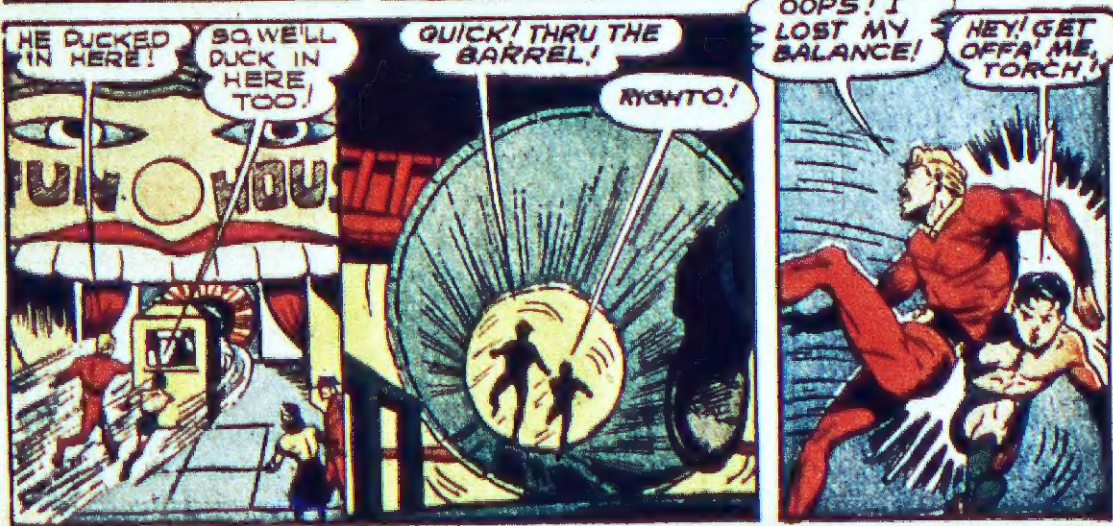
SO WE'LL DUCK IN HERE, TOO!

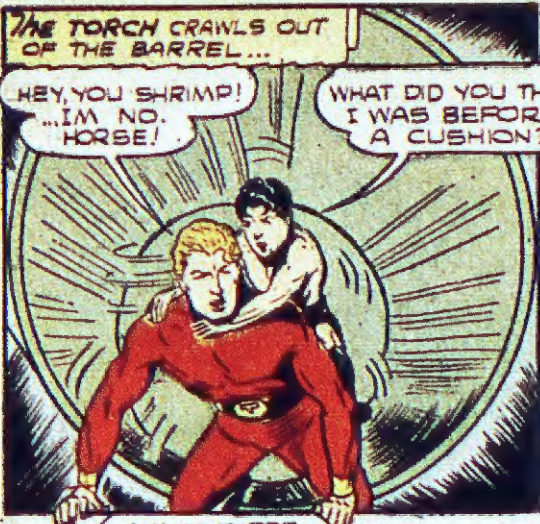
QUICK! THRU THE BARREL!

RIGHTO!

OOPS! I LOST MY BALANCE!

HEY! GET OFFA' ME, TORCH!





THE TORCH CRAWLS OUT OF THE BARREL...

HEY, YOU SHRIMP!
...I'M NO HORSE!

WHAT DID YOU THINK I WAS BEFORE? A CUSHION?



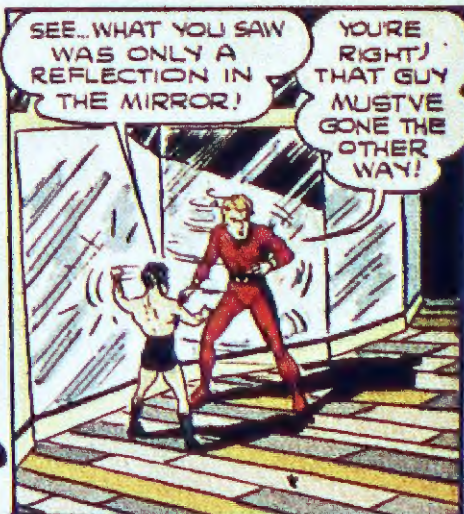
OH-H...FEELS LIKE I WENT THRU THE MILL!

NO TIME FOR COMPLAINTS... THERE GOES OUR QUARRY!



AH! SO THERE HE IS! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!

NO TORCH, ...DON'T...



SEE...WHAT YOU SAW WAS ONLY A REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT GUY MUST'VE GONE THE OTHER WAY!



AS THEY START IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...

OOPS! ANOTHER MIRROR!

HAH! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE A MIRROR PUSHED IN YOUR FACE, KID?

BAM!



TORCH! LOOK! A MIRROR MOVING BACK IN PLACE!

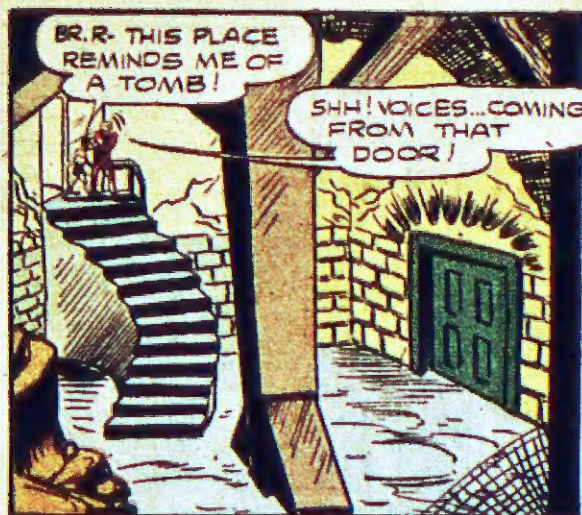
IT MUST LEAD TO A SECRET PASSAGE! AND I KNOW HOW TO FIND IT!



TORCH STARTS WALKING BACKWARD ALONG THE LINE OF THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION, AND...

HERE IT IS, TORO!

LET'S GO!



BR.R- THIS PLACE
REMINDS ME OF
A TOMB!

SHH! VOICES...COMING
FROM THAT
DOOR!



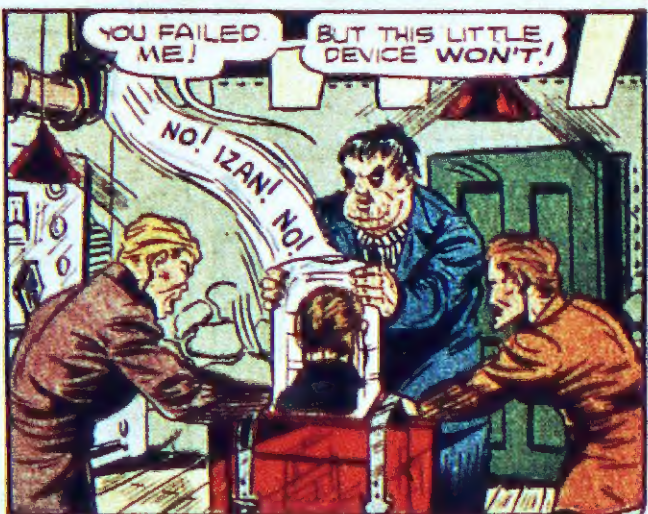
BUT, IZAN...I
CAME HERE TO
WARN YOU...

BAH! YOU PROBABLY
LEFT A TRAIL FOR
THE TORCH TO
FOLLOW!

HOW DID
HE
GUESS?



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
EASIER TO COMMIT SUICIDE!
SUICIDE IS BETTER THAN
THE "TREATMENT"!
GRAB HIM MEN!



YOU FAILED
ME!

BUT THIS LITTLE
DEVICE WON'T!

NO! IZAN! NO!



REMEMBER, MEN... BETTER
USE THE PILL THAN
FORCE ME TO
USE THIS!



...THE WARNING
LIGHT!... SOMEONE'S
IN THE OUTSIDE
CHAMBER! I'LL
FIX THAT...



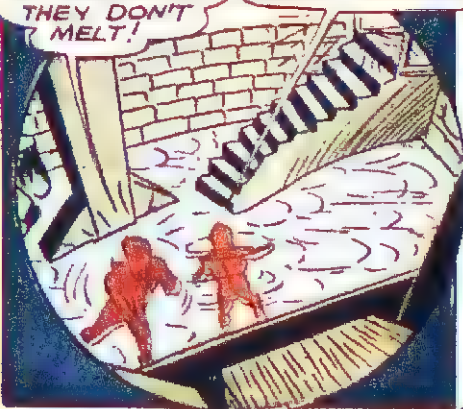
SUDDENLY... OUTSIDE!

THE
DOOR
CLOSED!

LET'S BURN
THROUGH!

WHAT TH...
THESE WALLS
MUST BE MADE
OF ASBESTOS!
THEY DON'T
MELT!

TORCH! THE DOOR
AT THE ENTRANCE
ALSO CLOSED!
WE'RE TRAPPED!



WHILE INSIDE THE OTHER ROOM!

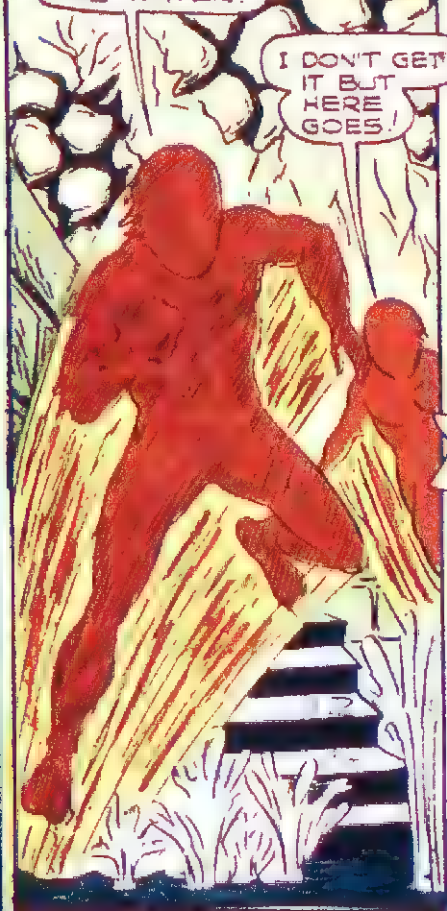
ONE WAY TO TAKE
CARE OF FIRE IS TO
USE PLENTY OF
WATER...

TORCH AND THAT
MINIATURE
INCENDIARY
BOMB WILL
HAVE PLENTY!



WATER! POURING IN THRU
JE'S IN THE FLOOR!
TORO, QUICK, START
BLAZING OVER
THE WATER!

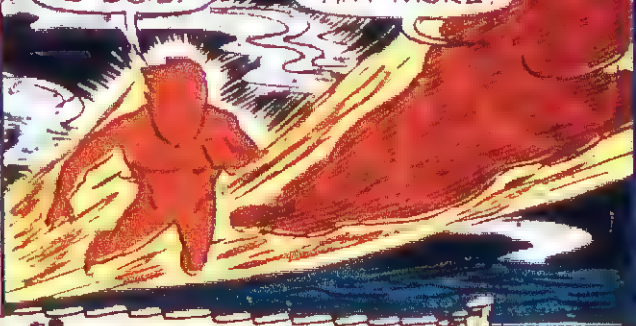
I DON'T GET
IT BUT
HERE
GOES!



WITH THEIR BODIES BLAZING HOT,
TORCH AND TORO WING LOW OVER
THE RISING WATER!

HEY, TORCH! THE
WATER'S
STARTING
TO BOIL!

EXACTLY!
THE WATER ISN'T
POURING IN
ANY MORE!

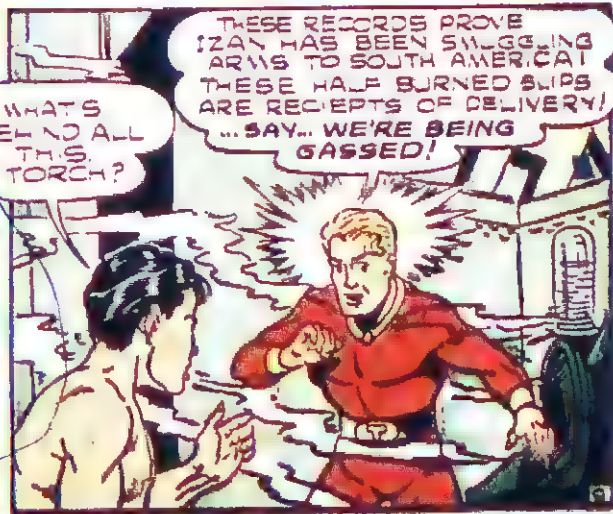
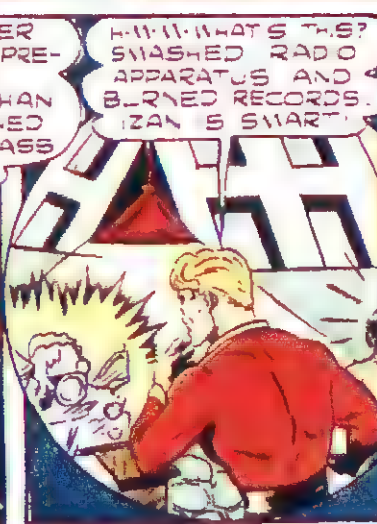
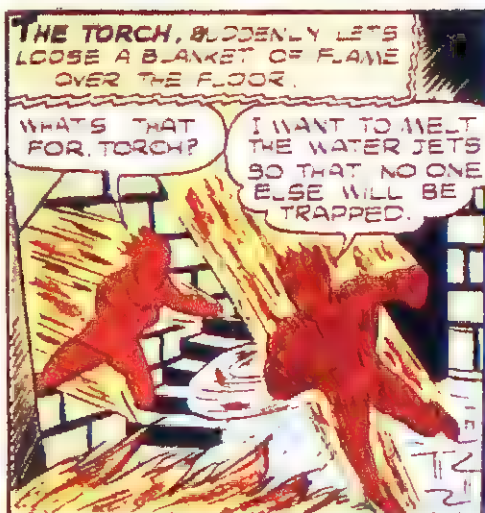


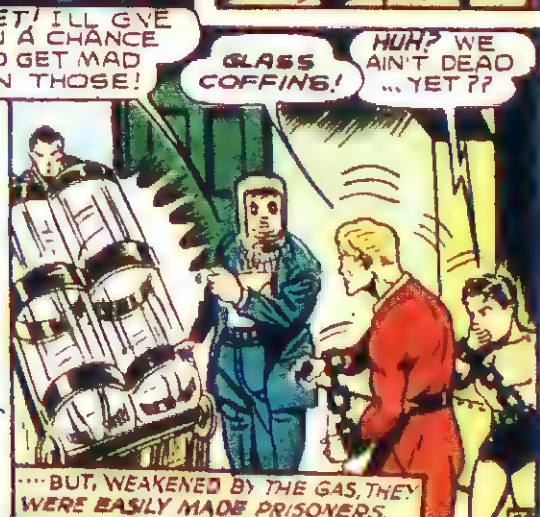
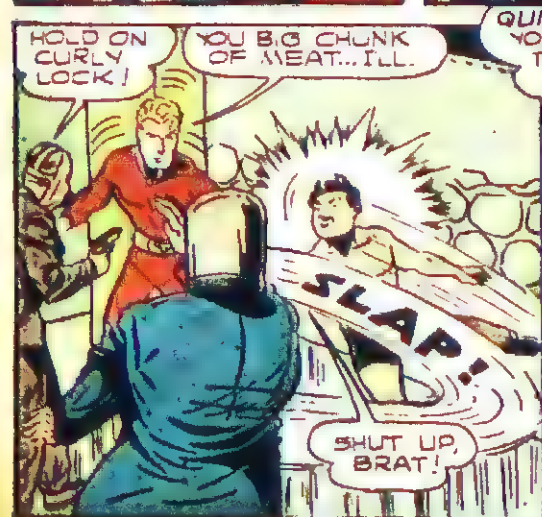
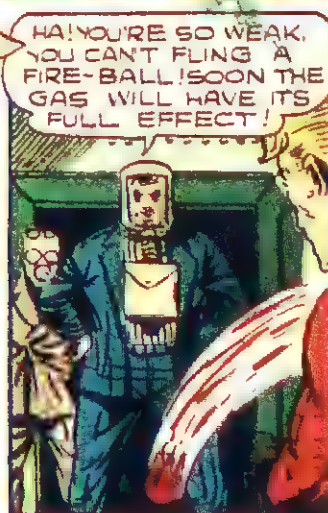
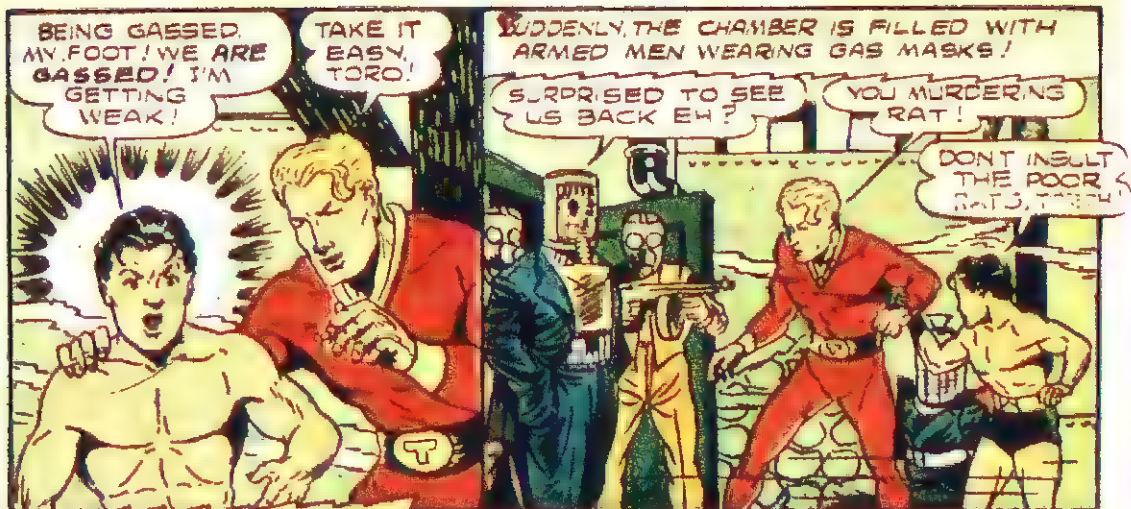
UNDER THE FLAME MASTER'S
BLAZE, THE WATER SOON
TURNS TO BOILING STEAM!

THERE! IT WORKED!
THE STEAM FORCED THE
WATER BACK THRU
THE PIPES.

WELL! I'LL
BE A
CIGAR
LIGHTER!





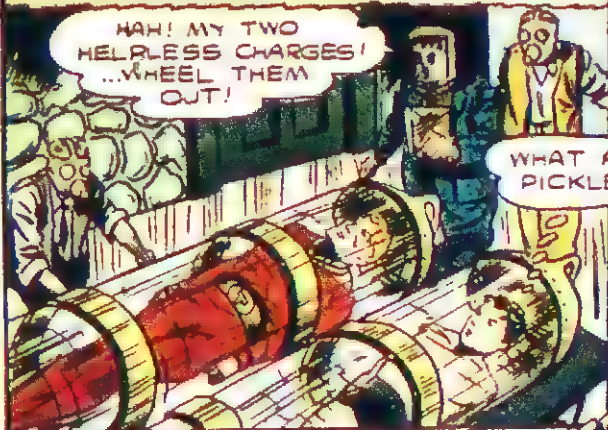


CHAINS REMOVED, THEY ARE FORCED INTO THE GLASS COFFINS, FILLED WITH GAS WHICH EXTINGUISHES FLAME BUT PERMITS BREATHING!

HAH! MY TWO HELPLESS CHARGES! ...WHEEL THEM OUT!

WHAT A PICKLE!

HUNDREDS OF BOXES OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP ITS DELIVERY!



EASY, MEN! THOSE TWO ARE A VALUABLE CARGO...GUESS WE CAN TAKE OFF THESE MASKS NOW, AND WAIT FOR NIGHT-FALL...



OPEN THE SECRET EXIT! WE'RE MOVING OFF



LATER, ON THE OPEN SEA!

DO YOU HEAR ME, TORCH? THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU BOTH GO! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY TAG WITH THE FISHES!

NUTS

DUMP THEM OVERBOARD TORCH FIRST!

YES SIR!

IT'LL BE ALL OVER ONCE I HIT THE WATER! CAN'T LET TORO DOWN... MUST FIND A WAY OUT!



SAY... MY
FINGER'S
BLAZING

THERE MUST BE AN
AIR LEAK IN THIS TUBE!
THAT'S MY WAY
OUT!

TORCH PRESSED HIS
FINGER AGAINST THE
GLASS TILL IT BURNS
WHITE-HOT AS THE
MEN GIVE THE COFFIN
A FINAL SHOVE!

THAT'S
THAT!

THE WHITE HOT GLASS SPLITS AS IT
MAKES CONTACT WITH THE COLD WATER!
THE TORCH IS FREE!

HOW
IN...

GET THE
MACHINE
GUNS!

NOW IT'S MY
TURN!

TORCH MOVES HIGH INTO THE
DARK NIGHT AND WRITES
A BLAZING MESSAGE!

HOPE THE COAST GUARD
SEES THAT!..OH! OH!
IZAN'S HEAVING TORO
OVERBOARD!

A COUPLE OF
FIRE-BALLS OUGHT
TO DO THE TRICK!
..TORO'S FREE!



HY, TOUGH GUY...
LOOKS LIKE YOU
NEED A
SHAVE!

EEOW!

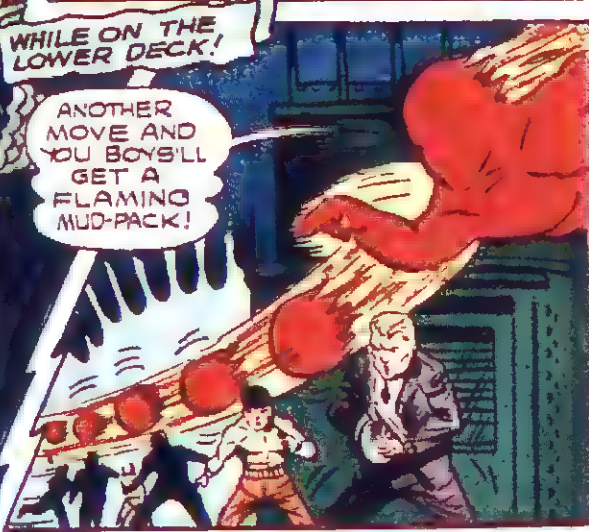
THEY'RE
TURNING
THE
MACHINE
GUNS
ON
US!



I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THAT
RIB-TICKLER!

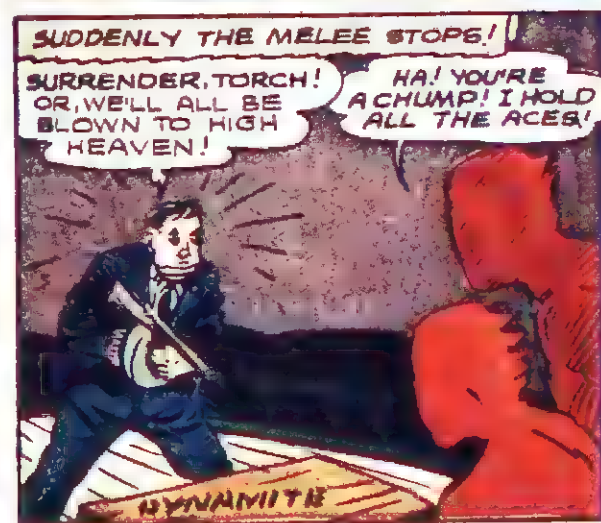


YOU'RE GETTING BALD AND
NEED A HOT SCALP
MASSAGE...
THERE!



WHILE ON THE
LOWER DECK!

ANOTHER
MOVE AND
YOU BOYS'LL
GET A
FLAMING
MUD-PACK!



SUDDENLY THE MELEE STOPS!

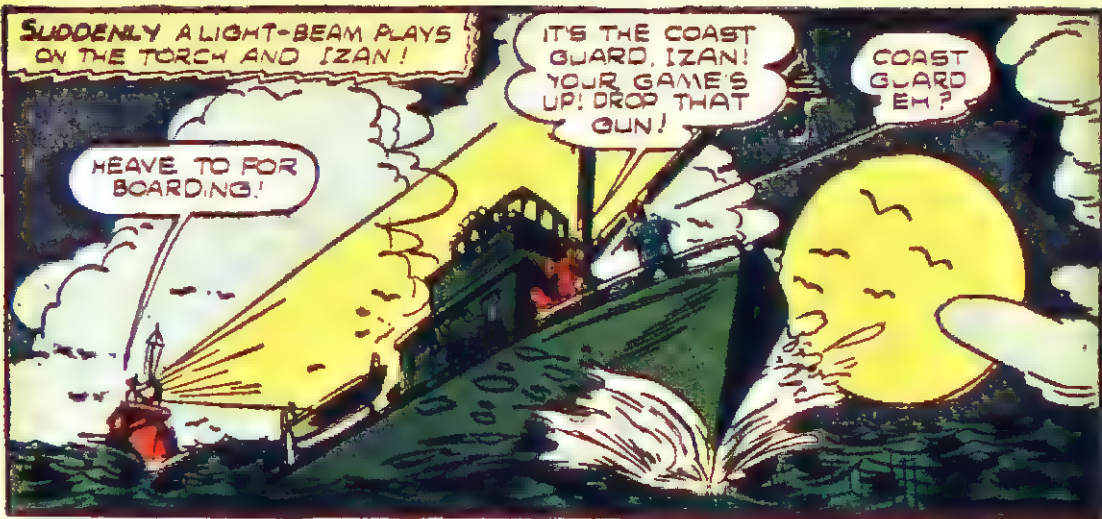
SURRENDER, TORCH!
OR, WE'LL ALL BE
BLOWN TO HIGH
HEAVEN!

HA! YOU'RE
A CHUMP! I HOLD
ALL THE ACES!



TORCH WHIPS UP A HUGE
FIRE-BALL!

NOW! PUT DOWN THAT GUN,
OR YOU'LL BE SHAKING HANDS
WITH THIS FIRE-BALL!

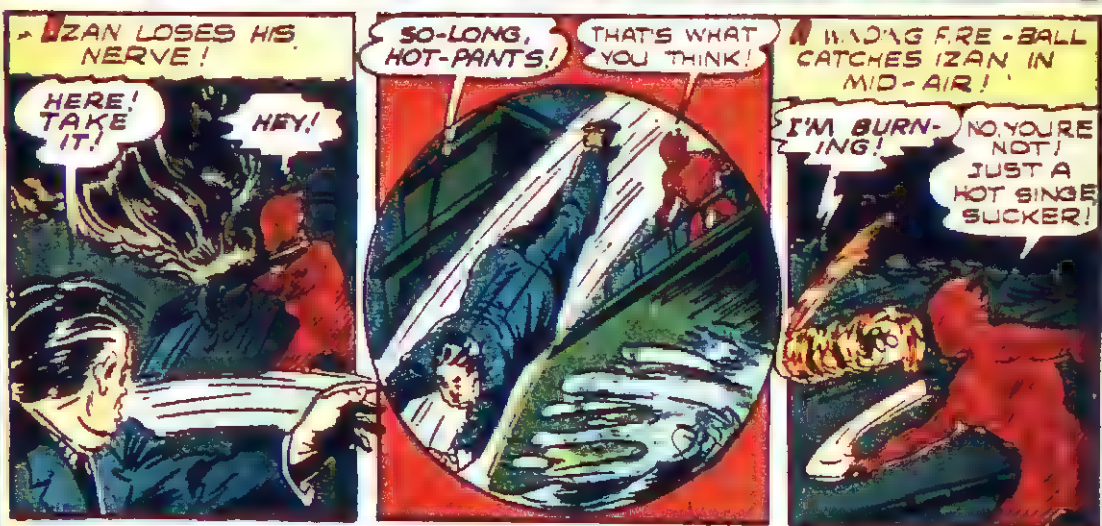


SUDDENLY A LIGHT-BEAM PLAYS ON THE TORCH AND IZAN!

IT'S THE COAST GUARD, IZAN! YOUR GAMES UP! DROP THAT GUN!

COAST GUARD EH?

HEAVE TO FOR BOARDING!



IZAN LOSES HIS NERVE!

SO-LONG, HOT-PANTS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

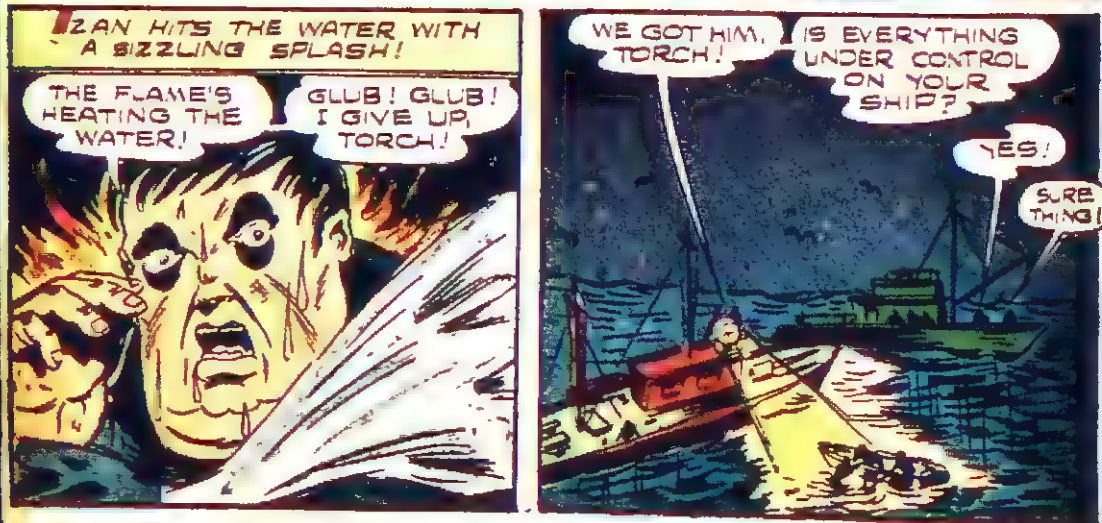
WAD'G FIRE-BALL CATCHES IZAN IN MID-AIR!

HERE! TAKE IT!

HEY!

I'M BURN-ING!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! JUST A HOT SINGE SUCKER!



IZAN HITS THE WATER WITH A SIZZLING SPLASH!

THE FLAME'S HEATING THE WATER!

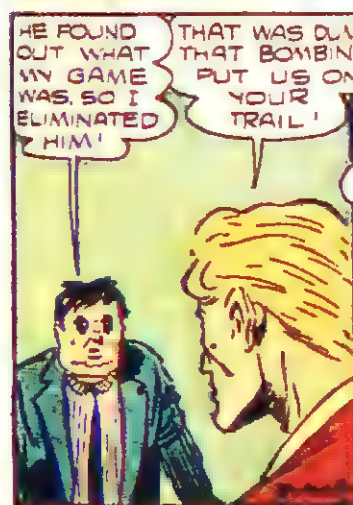
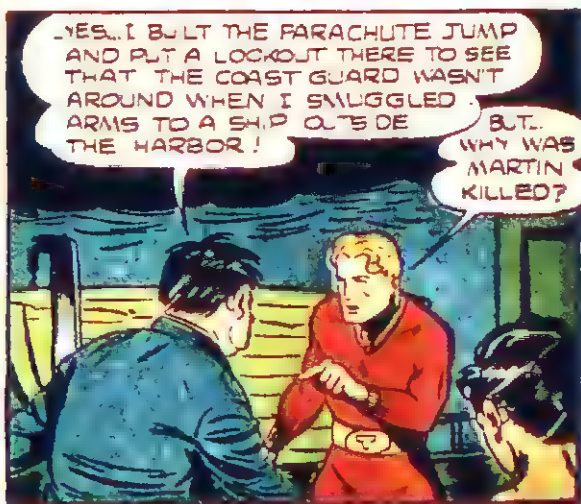
GLUB! GLUB! I GIVE UP, TORCH!

WE GOT HIM, TORCH!

IS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL ON YOUR SHIP?

YES!

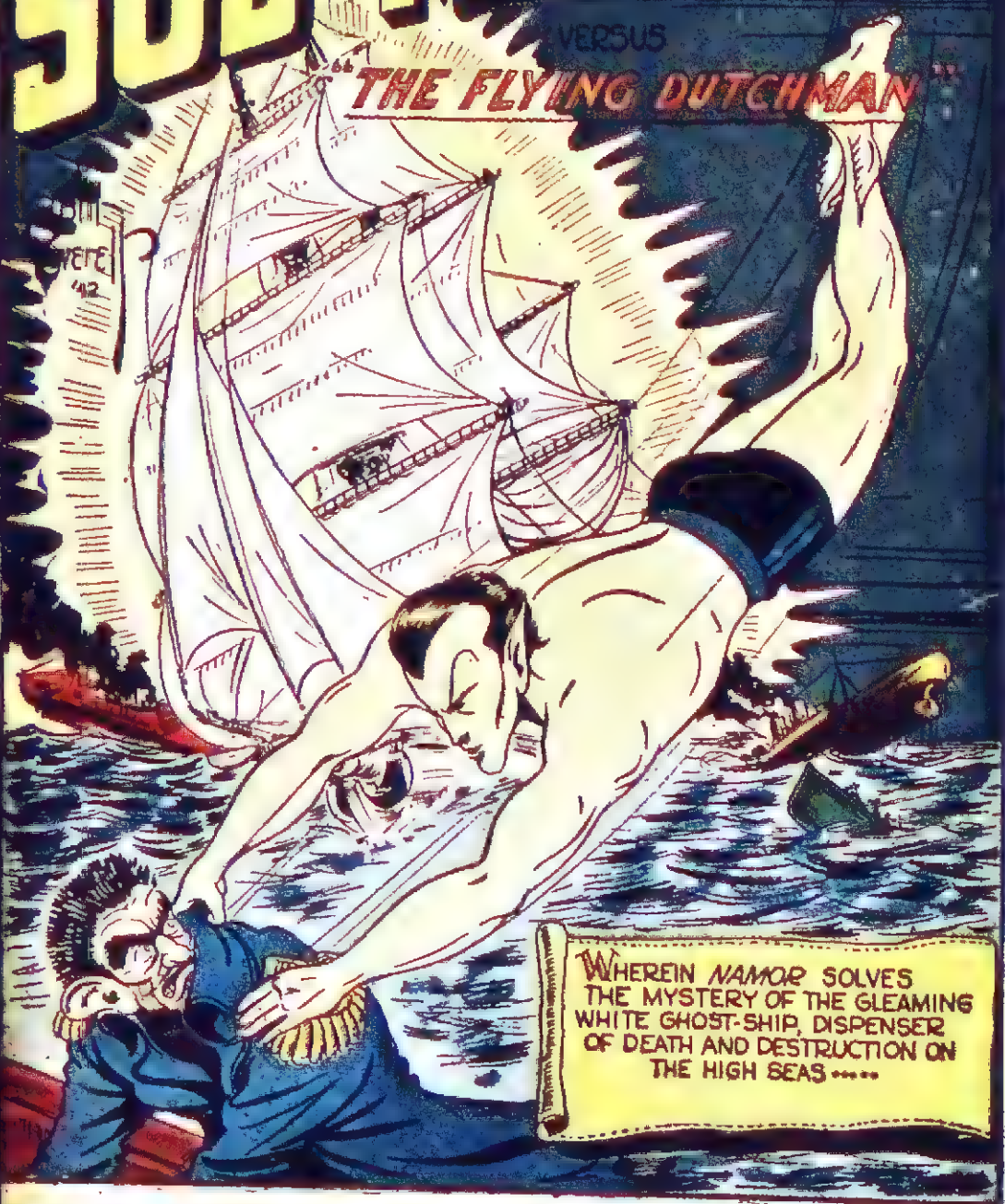
SURE THING!



THE SUB-MARINER

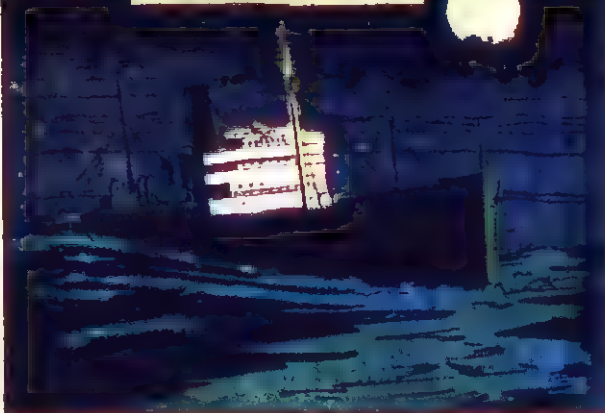
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
COPYRIGHT 1943

VERSUS
"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"

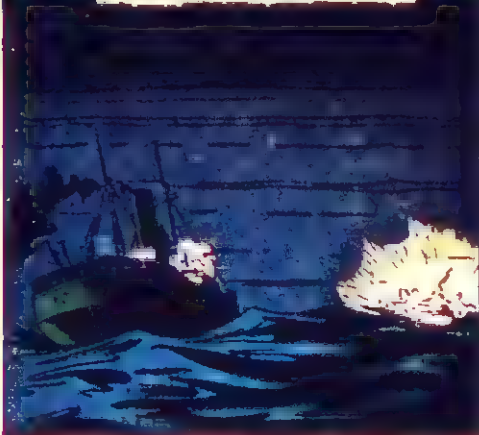


WHEREIN NAMOR SOLVES
THE MYSTERY OF THE GLEAMING
WHITE GHOST-SHIP, DISPENSER
OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON
THE HIGH SEAS.....

ON A COOL WINTER EVENING, THE PASSENGER-FREIGHTER, "BLACK CROSS," BRINGS \$8,000,000 IN GOLD BULLION FROM SOUTH AMERICA, PLOUGHS PEACEFULLY THROUGH THE CARIBBEAN SEA ----



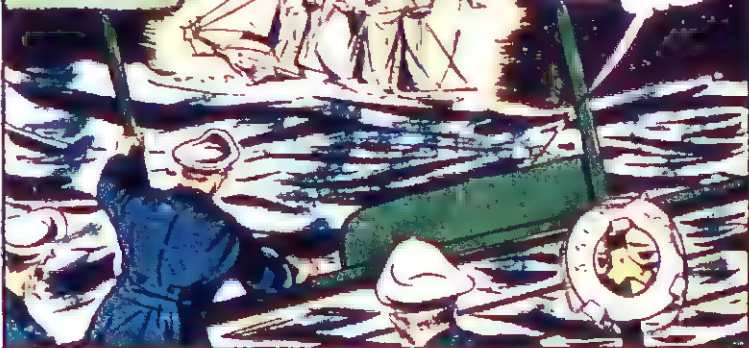
SYDDENLY - OFF HER STARBOARD BOW, A FLUORESCENT SPRAY APPEARS ON THE WATER'S BLACK SURFACE ---



INSTANTLY THE WATCHMAN STRIKES A WARNING FROM THE "CROWN'S-NEST"!



--- AND GRADUALLY, OUT OF THE NIGHT, COMES A WEIRD APPARITION --- A "GHOST-SHIP" OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, SILENT, AND GLEAMING WHITE IN THE MOONLIGHT!



MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS! A G-GHOST SHIP!!! WH-WHERE D-DID IT C-COME FROM?

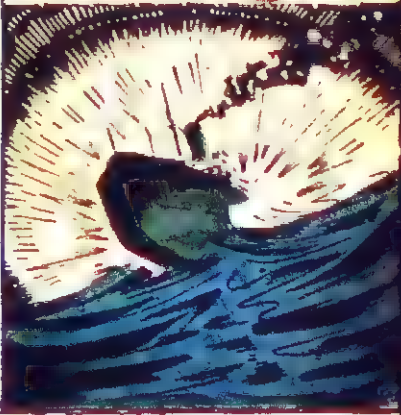
EVEN AS THE CREW WATCHES, SPELLBOUND, THE MYSTERIOUS CORVETTE SWINGS SLEAZY AROUND ----



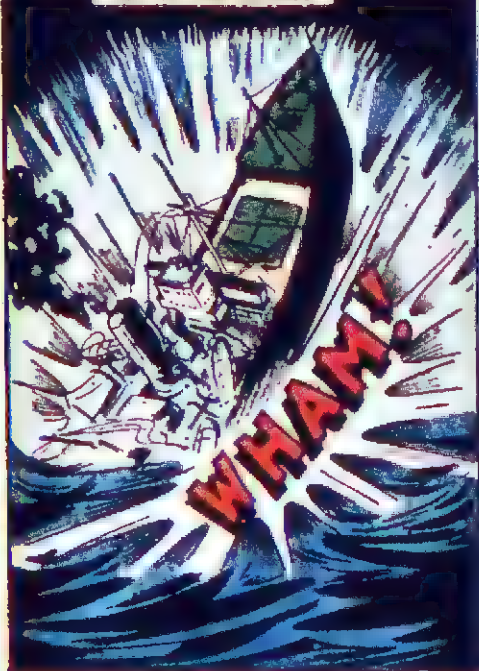
GREAT SHARKS! SHE'S COMING ABOUT! HARD A-PORT, FULL SPEED!!! SHE'LL RAM US, SURE! ALL HANDS ON DECK!



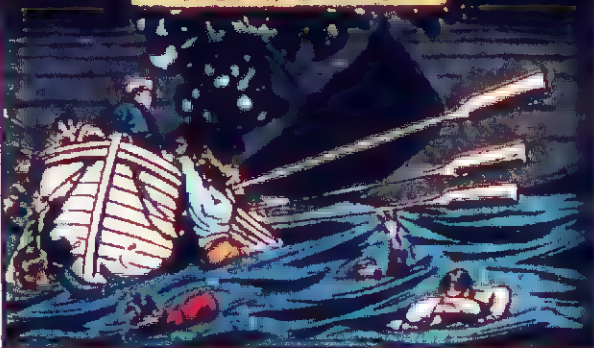
BUT EVEN AS THE CAPTAIN BELLOW'S HIS ORDERS, THERE IS A THUNDEROUS, BLINDING EXPLOSION, AND THE "BLACK CROSS" SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY!!!



IMMEDIATELY A SECOND EXPLOSION ROCKS HER STEEL HULL, AND THE "BLACK CROSS" LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER!



SOME OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW MANAGE TO LOWER LIFEBOATS, OR THROW THEMSELVES INTO THE CHURNING SEA...
...UTTER PANIC REIGNS...



AND ON ONE OF THE LIFEBOATS ----



THE U.S. COAST GUARD AND A PASSING LINER PICK UP THE FEW SURVIVORS, AND NEWS OF THE SINKING SPREADS QUICKLY.

EXTRY! EXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT! LINER SUNK WIT' EIGHT MILLYUM DOLLARS! EXTRY--EXTRY!



A few days later....

THE SHIP'S UNDERWRITERS SEND OUT A SALVAGE VESSEL WITH A CREW OF EXPERT DIVERS TO TRY TO RECOVER THE GOLD SHIPMENT...



AND LOSE NO TIME IN SENDING THE MEN DOWN WITH ACETYLENE TORCHES

HOW DOES IT LOOK DOWN THERE, ROGERS?



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE DIVERS ARE AT WORK ON THE GIANT SAFE IN THE SHIP'S HOLD ---

SOMETHING'S SCREWY HERE, CHIEF! THIS HERE SAFE'S ALREADY BEEN TAMPERED WITH! WAIT A MINUTE --- THERE! IT'S OPEN! NOW----

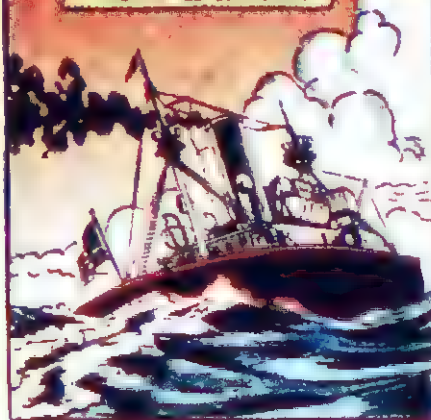


HEY! THE SAFE'S EMPTY, CHIEF! THERE AIN'T A THING IN IT! SOMEBODY MUSTA GOT 'ERE AFORE WE DID!

GOOD GRIEF, NO!



DEPENDENTLY THE LITTLE SALVAGE SHIP
TURNS ITS NOSE SHOREWARD, BRINGING
THE SAD NEWS BACK TO THE "BLACK CROSS"'S
INSURANCE COMPANY.



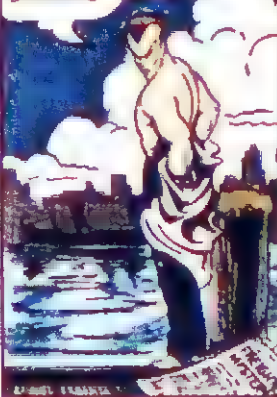
A WEEK LATER, SITTING ON A DOCK ON NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER,
HE FIND A FAMILIAR CHARACTER READING OF ANOTHER WEIRD
CONQUEST OF THE "GHOST SHIP"....



.... AND THERE ARE TWO MORE LINERS
FROM SOUTH AMERICA DUE IN NEW YORK
WITH GOLD SOMETIME NEXT WEEK. THIS
BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A JOB FOR THE
SUB-MARINER. ALL RIGHT! I DON'T
BELIEVE IN SPOOKS... THERE'S SOME-



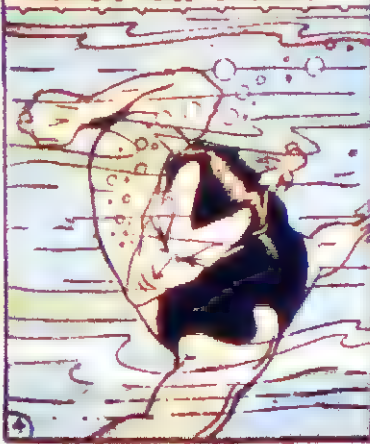
IF I LEAVE RIGHT NOW, I
SHOULD BE ABLE TO INTER-
CEPT THOSE LINERS JUST
AS THEY HIT THE
BAHAMAS



WELL... HERE GOES!
HOPE I'M NOT TOO
LATE!



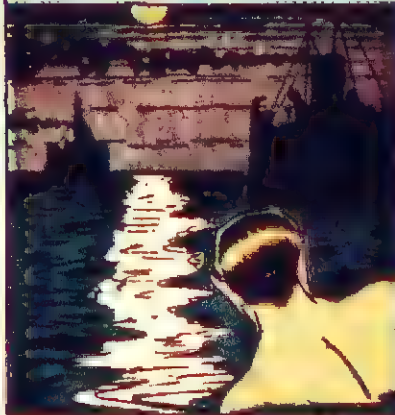
SWIFTLY, HE CLEAVES THE COLD
ATLANTIC WATERS BENT ON
ANOTHER MERCY ERRAND!



HIS MIRACULOUS SPEED BRINGS HIM, THAT VERY NIGHT TO THE
WEST INDIES, WHERE, HIS LUCK STILL HOLDING, HE FINDS THE
TWO LINERS HUDDLED CLOSELY TOGETHER FOR PROTECTION!....



NAMOR STAYS CLOSE BEHIND THE LINERS AS THEY GLIDE CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE CALM SEA. NIGHT APPROACHES, AND A FULL MOON HANGS OVERHEAD-----



NAMOR GROWS IMPATIENT--

IF THAT "GHOST SHIP" PLANS TO RAID THESE BABIES, HE'D BETTER HURRY UP! THEY'LL BE OUT ON THE HIGH SEAS AGAIN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

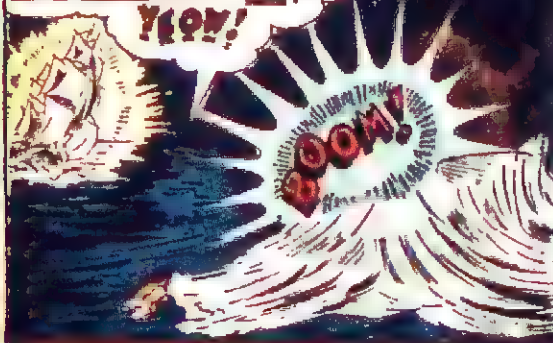


AND NO SOONER HAS NAMOR SPOKEN, THAN HIS THOUGHT BECOMES REALITY! THE GLEAMING WHITE SAILS OF THE "GHOST SHIP" LOOM UP SUDDENLY IN THE EERIE MOONLIGHT!



AS NAMOR STREAKS UP TO INVESTIGATE, ONE OF THE LINERS LEAPS INTO THE AIR WITH A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

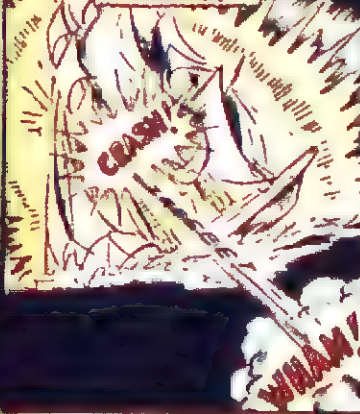
THAT'S FUNNY--- SHE'S DOING ABOUT NINE KNOTS, AND THERE'S NOT A BREATH OF--- HEY!



INSTANTLY, ON THE COMPANION SHIP, A TURBIDIN IS WHIPPED AWAY, AND A SIX-INCH NAVAL RIFLE BARES ITS FANGS!

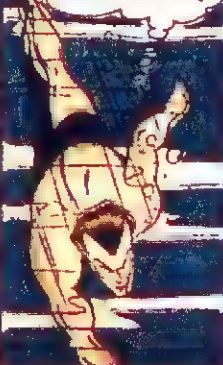


THE RIFLE SLAMS OUT ITS DEADLY MISSILE, AND A SHELL SCREAMS LOUDLY THROUGH THE CORVETTE'S RIGGING!

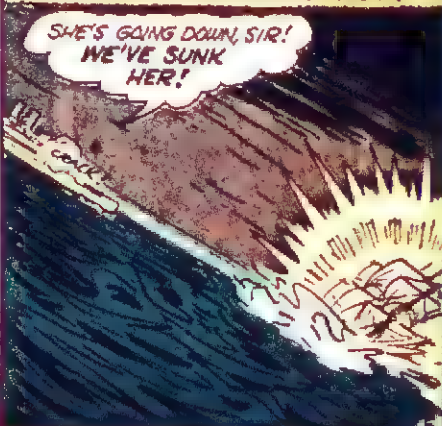


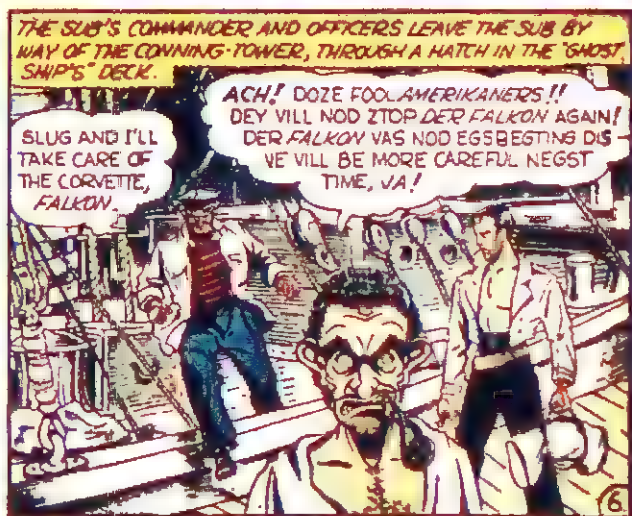
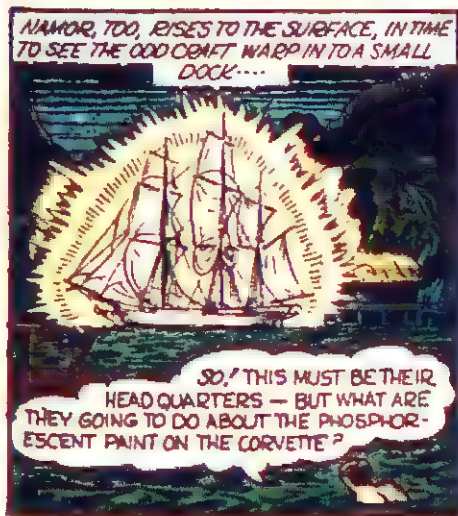
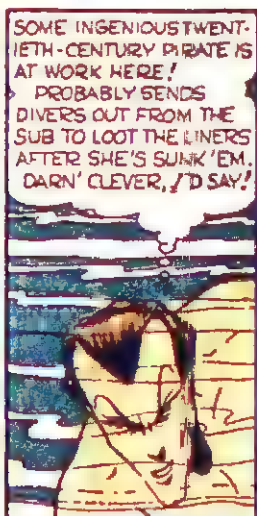
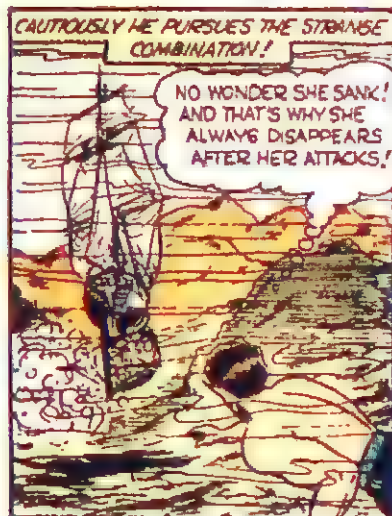
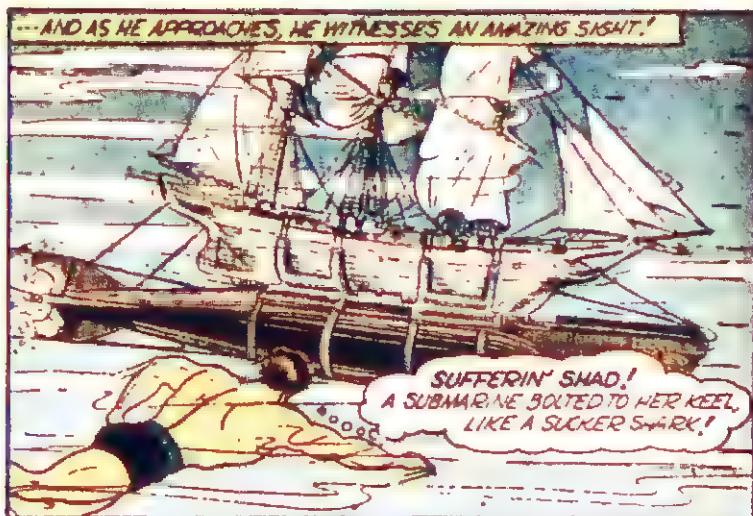
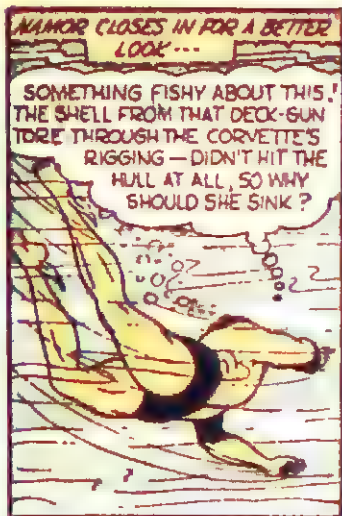
NAMOR DIVES QUICKLY BENEATH THE SURFACE.

HOLY HALIBUT! THIS BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE A BATTLE!



AND AS A SECOND SHOT WHISTLES FROM THE MOUTH OF THE DECK GUN, THE "GHOST SHIP" SINKS RAPIDLY INTO THE BLACK OCEAN!





A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE "FALCON"'S OFFICERS RETURN TO THE DECK OF THE CORVETTE, AND DISAPPEAR THROUGH A SMALL HATCH.

WELL! THIS IS ONE TIME THEY PUT ONE OVER ON THE FALCON!! TAKES THE OLD BOY DOWN A PEG OR TWO, I'LL BET!



NAMOR, A FEW YARDS DISTANT, WATCHES THE "GHOST SHIP" GLIDE INTO A HUGE CAVE AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAINOUS ISLAND.....

DON'T BE TOO SURE, SLUG, ME LAD! THE CHIEF'S A MIGHTY SHREWD APPLE.

YEAH. BUT IF HE AIN'T CAREFUL, HE'LL WIND UP A STEVED APPLE!

WOW! MADE TO ORDER! NOT EVEN AN AIRPLANE COULD SPOT HER, ONCE SHE GETS IN THERE!



TURNING BACK TO THE DOCKS, NAMOR SCRAMBLES ASHORE...

HIMM! BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS, EH? WELL, THEY SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO HOP OVER...



JUST AS NAMOR LEAPS NIMBLY OVER THE FIRST FENCE, THE TWO OFFICERS LEAVE THE CAVE...

HEY, OLIVER! WHO'S THAT???

JUMPIN' JACKFISH!!! HE'S HEADIN' FOR TH' BARRICADE!



NAMOR, SEEING THEM APPROACH, MISJUDGES HIS DISTANCE, AND.....



FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE, UNCONSCIOUS!

HOLY SMOKE! HE HIT THOSE ELECTRIFIED WIRES SQUARE!



IS HE — ?

NO — HE AIN'T DEAD, BUT HE'S SURE OUT COLD! WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM TO THE FALCON! BIG GUY, AN'T RE? WONDER WHO HE IS, AN' HOW HE GOT HERE?



WE'LL FIND OUT SOON'S HE COMES TO

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE FALCON'S OFFICE...

DONNER UND BLITZ!!! WAS IST DAS? WHO HAFF YOU GOT DERE? WHERE DID YOU GET HIM, HEIN?



THE OFFICERS TIE NAMOR SECURELY TO
A CHAIR----

DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, CHIEF ----HE
MUSTA SWUM ASHORE FROM SOME
SHIP LYIN' OFF THE ISLAND. TRIED TO
JUMP THE FENCES,
AND THE JUICE
KNOCKED 'IM
OUT.

DOWNWETTER!
A ZPY!



AT THAT MOMENT A DOOR OPENS.

'EVENIN', FELLAS! HOW'D YA
MAKE OUT? HEY! WHAT
GOES HERE? WHO'S THE
BATHTIN' BEAUTY?



CRYIN' CATEFISH! IT'S ----
UNH-UH! NEVER SEEN HIM
BEFORE! WHERE'D YOU
PICK 'IM UP, SLUG? DIDN'T
KNOW VISITORS WERE ALLOWED
IN THIS HERE /SANITARIUM!
STARTIN' A VACATION RESORT,
FALKON?



LAY OFF MIT DER VISE-CRACKS
BABY! VE DON'T NEED DER
BENEFIT FROM YOUR UNZOLICITED
OBSERVATIONS! SLUG, YOU UND
OLIVER TAKE DER PRISONER UP TO
DER CAVE, UND LEAFE HIM DERE
UNTIL I FIGGER
VOT VE DO MIT
'UM!



THE FALKON'S HENCHMEN CARRY
THE INERT SUB-MARINER ON A
STRETCHER UP THE SIDE OF A
VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN----

I GOT A FEELIN' WE AIN'T BEIN'
VERY SMART ABOUT THIS, OLIVER.
MAYBE IT'S A PREMONITION----
I GOT A NOSE FOR TROUBLE, AND
THIS HERE GUY REEKS
OF IT!



---AND DEPOSIT HIM ROUGHLY ON THE
FLOOR OF A SMALL CAVERN-----

AW, IT'S JUST YOUR NERVES, KID!
HE'S HARMLESS
ENOUGH.



RETURNING TO THE OFFICE, THEY REPORT
FOR FURTHER ORDERS----

DERE ISS ANODDER LINER FROM BRAZIL
DUE BY BISHOP'S CAY CHUST BEFORE
DAWN. FIVE MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD
UND SILVER --UND I WANT YOU TO GET IT!
I WILL STAY HERE UND DISPENSE MIT DER
ZPY!



THE GIRL, STANDING TO GIVE
SIDE, QUIETLY SLIPS OUT
THE DOOR----

MMM! HERE'S WORK
FOR LITTLE BABY!



---AND RACES AWAY INTO THE BLACK
NIGHT!

NOW I CAN EVEN THE SCORE! MY
SISTER, BETTY, TOLD ME ABOUT
THIS GUY LAST TIME I WAS IN
NEW YORK!



A FEW MINUTES LATER SHE ARRIVES AT THE CAVE...

GOOD! YOU'RE STILL HERE! I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT'VE ESCAPED!

HUH???



MATTER OF FACT, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SNAP THIS TWINE I'M ALL WRAPPED UP IN! BUT WHAT HIT ME? HOW DID I GET HERE? I FEEL SORT OF TINGLY ALL OVER!

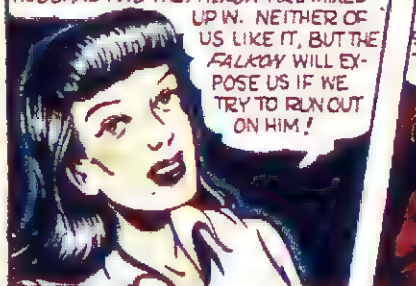


SURE YOU DO! YOU CAN SMACK INTO AN ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED WIRE FENCE, AND - *POFFET!* - YOU HOID DE BONDIES! THE BOYS TIED YOU UP, AND BROUGHT YOU HERE. YOU'RE THE *SUB-MARINER* AREN'T YOU?

YES - BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE.



NO - BUT I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURES..... BETTY DEAN, THE NEW YORK POLICEWOMAN IS MY SISTER - SHE KNOWS YOU PRETTY WELL, FROM ALL I HEAR! I NEVER SEE HER NOW. 'SLUG' - CHUCK MC CARTHY, THAT IS, - MY HUSBAND, KILLED A MAN IN A FIGHT IN THE STATES, AND WE CAN'T GO BACK. SINCE YOU FOUND US HERE, YOU MUST KNOW WHAT SORT OF RACKET MY HUSBAND AND THE *FALCON* ARE MIXED UP IN. NEITHER OF US LIKE IT, BUT THE *FALCON* WILL EXPOSE US IF WE TRY TO RUN OUT ON HIM!



BUT NEVER MIND THAT! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! COME WITH ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET DOWN TO THE BAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN FROM THE CAMP!



THE SUB'S GOING OUT AGAIN NOW, TO PICK UP A LINER OFF *BISHOP'S CAY* - MAYBE YOU CAN STOP THEM BEFORE THEY KILL ANY MORE PEOPLE!

I'LL STOP 'EM, ALL RIGHT - DON'T WORRY ABOUT *THAT*!



IN A MOMENT THEY EMERGE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.....

THERE THEY GO, NAMOR! THE *FALCON* STAYED ASHORE, SO OLIVER WILL BE IN COMMAND, BUT SLUG'S ON BOARD, TOO. I WISH-----



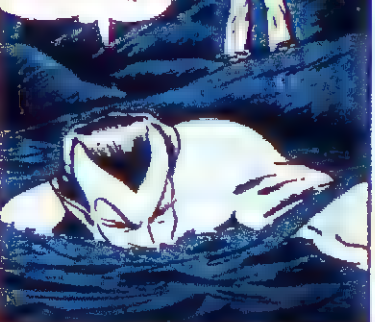
---I WISH YOU'D SPARE HIM IF YOU CAN, NAMOR. HE'S NOT *REALLY* BAD. I DON'T GIVE A HANG IF YOU DROWN ALL THE REST OF 'EM, BUT IF YOU CAN LEAVE SLUG OUT OF IT, WILL YA, HUH? PLEASE?



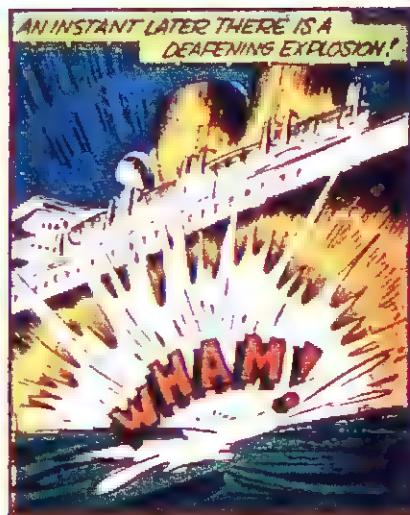
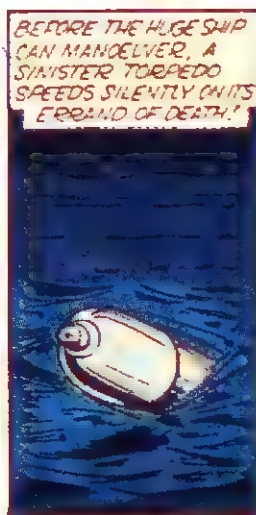
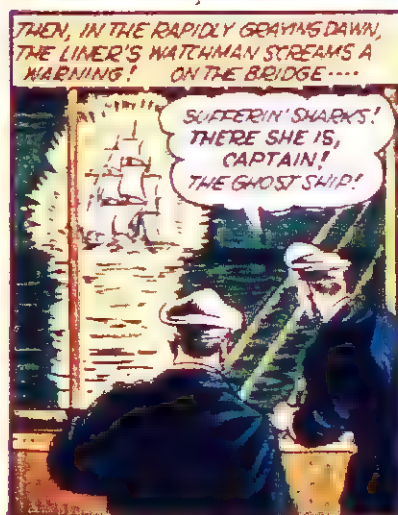
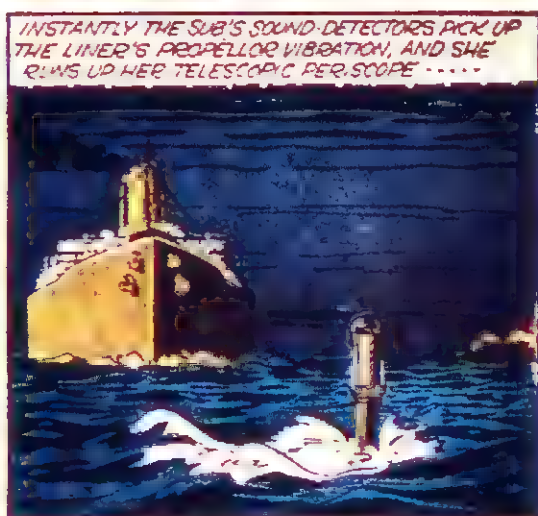
I'LL TRY, KID!

NAMOR SLIPS QUIETLY INTO THE WATER, AND STRIKES OUT AFTER THE *CORVETTE*...

THANKS, GAL! BE SEEN' YA!

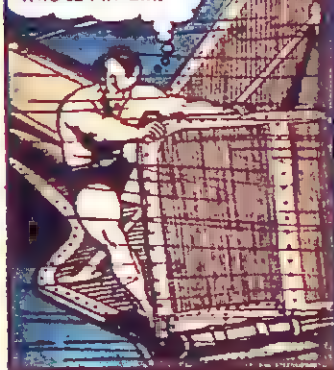


SO LONG, PAL! GOOD LUCK!



NAMOR, PERCHED ON THE SUB'S STABILIZER, HEARS THE REPERCUSSION, AND IMMEDIATELY JAMS THE DIVING PLANES ----

THIS'LL FIX 'EM!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE CRIPPLED LINER'S CREW MAN AN EIGHT-INCH NAVAL RIFLE, AND DRAWS A NEAT BEAD ON THE GHOST-SHIP ----

WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!

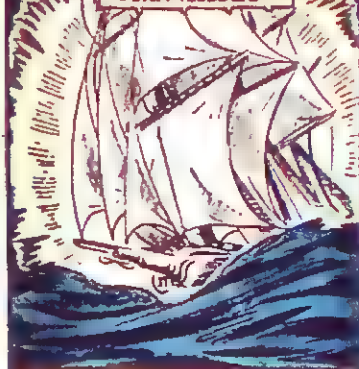


OLIVER, FROM THE DECK OF THE CORVETTE, SEES THE LINER'S ACTION THROUGH HIS NIGHT-GLASS ----

TRIM FOR CRASH DIVE!!! ALL HANDS BELOW!



AS THE MEN DROP RAPIDLY THROUGH THE CONNING-TOWER HATCH, THE GHOST-SHIP CAREENS SIDDLIS AS THE QUARTERMASTER THROWS OVER THE HELM, AND GIVES THE SUB "DOWN-RUDDER"

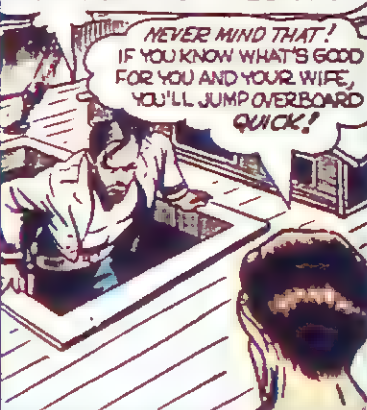


AS THE LINER'S DECK-GUN BELCHES OUT WITH A SHARP CRACK, NAMOR LEAPS TO THE DECK OF THE DISABLED CORVETTE ----

SLUG! CHUCK MCCARTHY! WHERE ARE YOU???



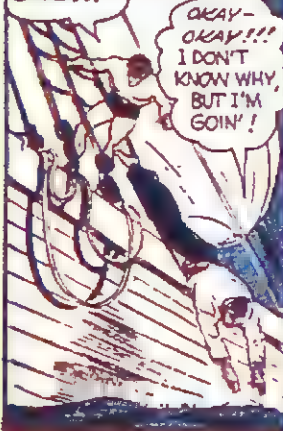
HERE! HERE I AM! FOR PETE'S SAKE, WHAT DO YOU WANT? SAY! WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU? --- HOLY SMOKE! --- THE SPY!!!



NEVER MIND THAT! IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU AND YOUR WIFE, YOU'LL JUMP OVERBOARD QUICK!

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, YOU DOPE, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!!

OKAY-- OKAY!!! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I'M GOIN'!



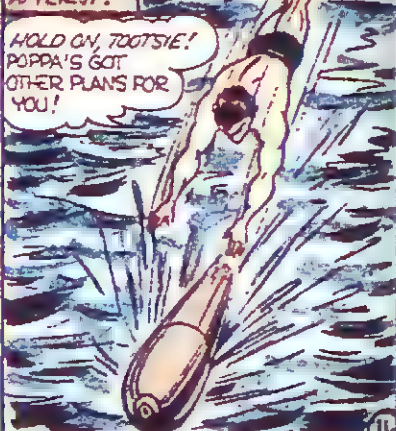
INSANE WITH THE FEAR OF BEING BLASTED TO BITS BY THE LINER'S GUN, OLIVER SCREAMS ANOTHER ORDER!

HARD A-PORT, THREE POINTS! FIRE NUMBER TWO! STAND BY NUMBER THREE! SPEED EIGHT KNOTS! COURSE ONE ONE THREE!



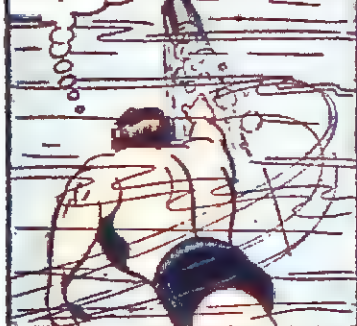
NAMOR, SEEING THE FATAL TUBE CLEAVE THE CHURNING WATER, DIVES AFTER IT!

HOLD ON, TOOTSIE! POPPA'S GOT OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!



AKS COLOSSAL STRENGTH EASILY
TURNS THE TORPEDO IN ITS
COURSE, AND SENDS IT WHIRLING
BACK TOWARD THE GHOST-SHIP!

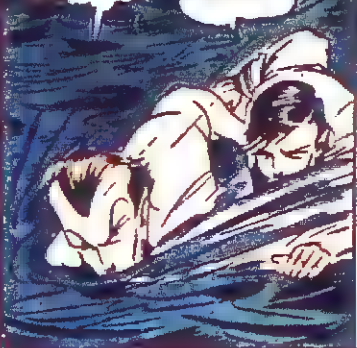
GO HOME TO MOMMY, BABY—SHE'S
WAITIN' FOR
YA!



NAMOR SEIZES THE BEWILDERED
'SLUG', AND DRAGS HIM AT LIGHTNING
SPEED TOWARD THE LINER----

COME ON, PAL, WE'RE GONNA PAY
A DUTY-CALL!

HEY--!



QUICKLY HE SCRAMBLES UP THE SIDE
WITH HIS PRISONER ----

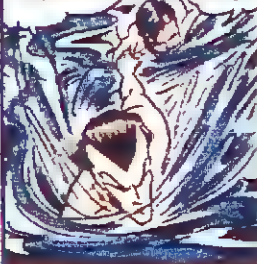
THE S-S-SUB-MARINER!!!

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN',
MISTER! IF IT WEREN'T
FOR ME, YOU'D BE SAYIN'
HOWDY TO DAVY JONES! NOW
THAT I SEE YOU'RE OKAY, I'LL
BE LEAVIN' YA ---- SO LONG!



IN THE WATER AGAIN ----

WELL, THAT WAS AS SHORT
AND SWEET AS I COULD MAKE
IT----THEY'LL GET TO PORT
ALL RIGHT! NOW JUST
HOLD YOUR BREATH, BUDDY,
AND YOU'LL BE BACK WITH
YOUR BETTER-HALF
BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER HE DRAGS THE
EXHAUSTED 'SLUG' ASHORE AT THE
FALKON'S CAMP ----

JUST TAKE IT EASY, BUTCH! I'LL BE
BACK JUST AS SOON AS I CLEAN UP SOME
UNFINISHED
BUSINESS!



A MOMENT LATER HE
ENTERS THE FALKON'S
CABIN ----

ACH DU LIEBER!
DER ZPY!

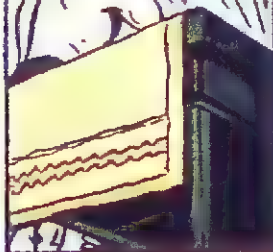
ARE YOU
KIDDIN',
MISTER?



AND ---FINIS" FOR THE
FALKON !!!

BUT THIS IS
THE LAST TIME
YOU'LL SEE
HIM!

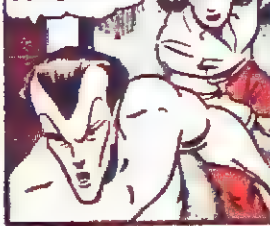
YAWRR-K-R-R!
GULP!
GULP!



HE SEARCHES OUT THE GIRL,
AND ----

LOED LOVE US! YOU DID
IT! MISTER, YOU'RE ----!

NEVER MIND THAT,
BABY! MY WORK'S
DONE, AND YOUR
OLD MAN'S
WAITING FOR
YOU! COME ON!



RIGHT!

HIS WORK'S
ALL DONE
FOR NOW...

BUT!

THE
SUB-
MARINER

WILL BE
BACK IN
THE
NEXT

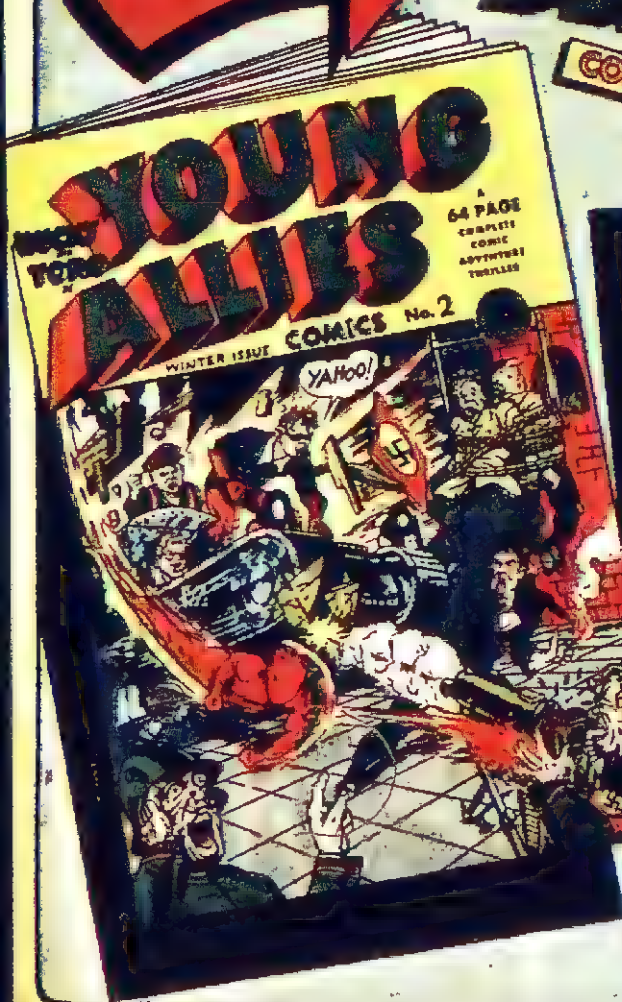
**MARVEL
COMICS!**

The **SURPRISE SUCCESS**
of the **CENTURY!**

**A FEW
MONTHS
Ago**

YOUNG ALLIES

COMICS



**HIT THE NEWSSTANDS
OF AMERICA AND WERE
SOLD OUT IN RECORD-
BREAKING TIME!**

And Now IN RESPONSE TO
THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS
OF REQUESTS, A SECOND
ISSUE OF "YOUNG ALLIES"
HAS BEEN PRINTED AND WILL
SOON BE ON SALE!
DON'T MISS THIS AMAZING
ADVENTURE TALE OF A BRAVE
BAND OF AMERICAN BOYS LED
BY BUCKY (OF CAPTAIN AMERICA)
AND TORO (OF THE HUMAN TORCH)
AS THEY BATTLE THE BLACK
TALON, THE MOST VICIOUS
KILLER EVER TO MENACE THE
UNITED STATES!

64 PAGES OF THRILLS!

YOUNG ALLIES * 2.

*On
Sale*

ON OR ABOUT

NOV. 25TH



PEOPLE! HOW LIKE FLIES THEY LOOK... AND HOW LIKE FLIES THEY WOULD BE WITHOUT THEIR SOULS! FOR I, ISOR KORBEAU, HAVE FOUND THE MEANS TO REMOVE THEIR SOULS! HA, HA, MY MACHINE SHOULD HAVE REMOVED DR. ZADIG'S SOUL BY NOW! I WILL BE THE GREATEST SCIENTIST ON EARTH!

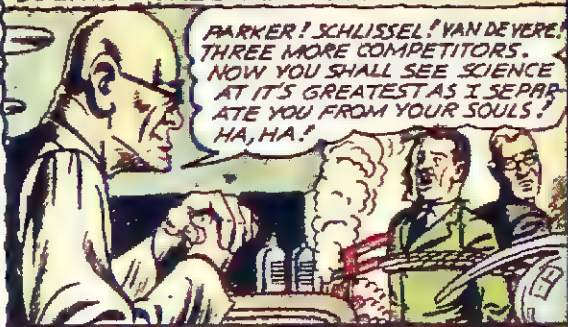
YOU WERE MY MOST DANGEROUS FOE, DR. ZADIG. BUT NOW YOU ARE SOULLESS! GO BACK... AND DO WHAT I HAVE COMMANDED!

DR. KORBEAU DISMISSES HIS FIRST VICTIM MINUS HIS SOUL!

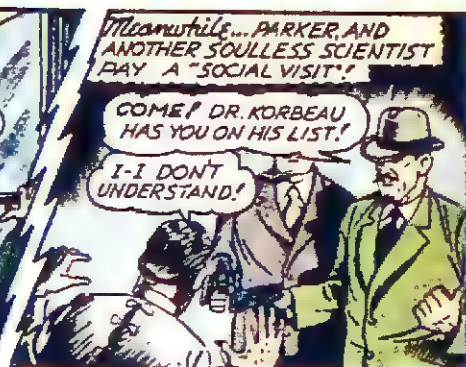
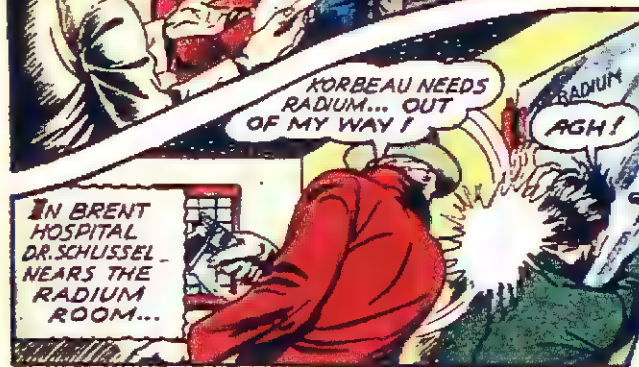
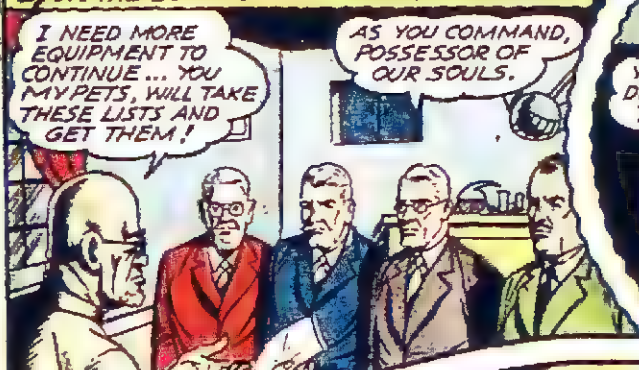
THE SOULLESS DR. ZADIG, UNDER KORBEAU'S EVIL INFLUENCE, CALLS ON HIS COLLEAGUES...



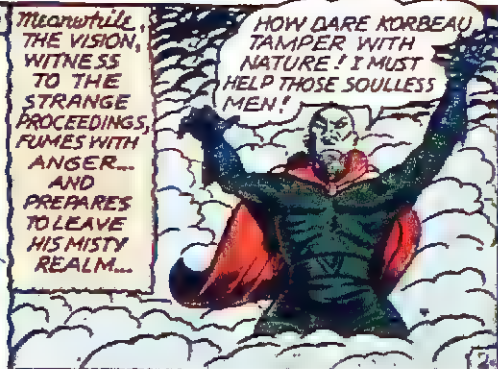
ARRIVING AT KORBEAU'S PLACE THE THREE SCIENTISTS ARE OVERPOWERED AND.....



FROM THE SCIENTISTS' SOULS ARE SEPARATED...



THE THREE CAPTIVE SCIENTISTS ARE DELIVERED TO THE MAD-DOCTOR.



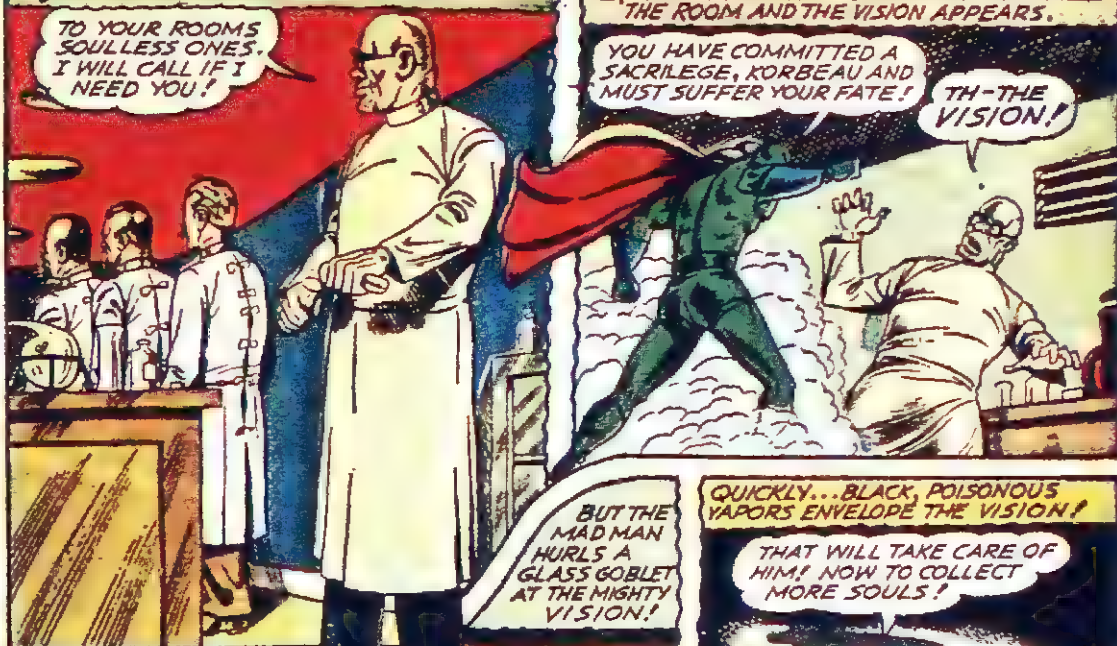
After the soul releasing operation...

TO YOUR ROOMS
SOULLESS ONES.
I WILL CALL IF I
NEED YOU!

*At that moment a swirling mist fills
the room and the vision appears.*

YOU HAVE COMMITTED A
SACRILEGE, KORBEAU AND
MUST SUFFER YOUR FATE!

TH-THE
VISION!



BUT THE
MAD MAN
HURLS A
GLASS GOBLET
AT THE MIGHTY
VISION!

QUICKLY...BLACK, POISONOUS
VAPORS ENVELOPE THE VISION!

THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF
HIM! NOW TO COLLECT
MORE SOULS!

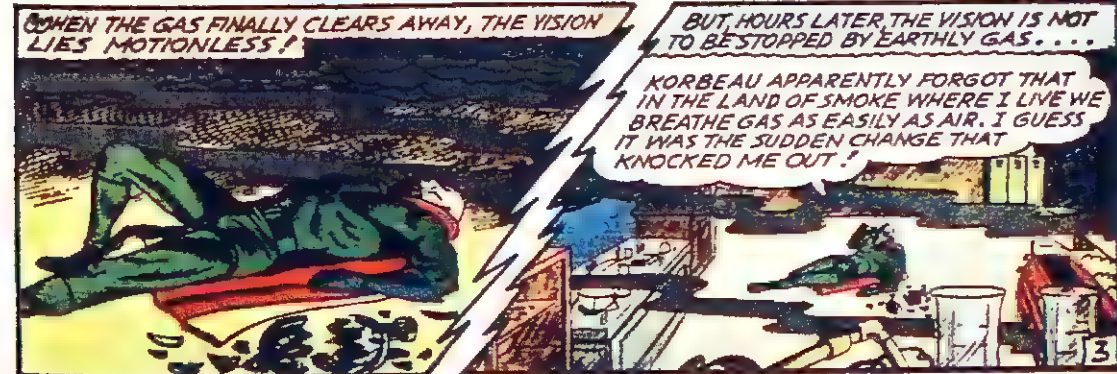
NO ONE SHALL
THWART MY PLANS!
NOT EVEN YOU!



*When the gas finally clears away, the vision
lies motionless!*

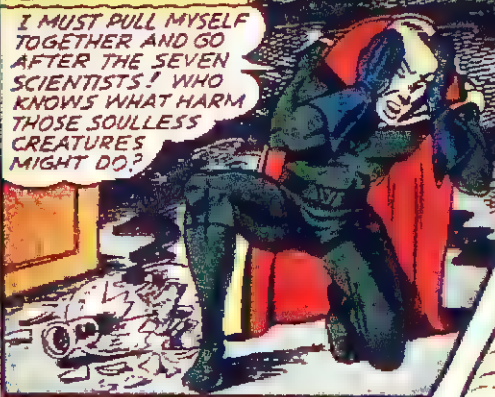
BUT, HOURS LATER, THE VISION IS NOT
TO BE STOPPED BY EARTHLY GAS. . . .

KORBEAU APPARENTLY FORGOT THAT
IN THE LAND OF SMOKE WHERE I LIVE WE
BREATHE GAS AS EASILY AS AIR. I GUESS
IT WAS THE SUDDEN CHANGE THAT
KNOCKED ME OUT!



After his recovery the vision again resumes his hunt!

I MUST PULL MYSELF TOGETHER AND GO AFTER THE SEVEN SCIENTISTS! WHO KNOWS WHAT HARM THOSE SOULLESS CREATURES MIGHT DO?



ON A CLOUD OF MIST HIGH ABOVE THE CITY THE VISION ROUNDS UP THE SEVEN SCIENTISTS.

I HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE UNDER THE POWER OF A HYPNOTIC SPELL. WE ARE GOING INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD TO RECOVER YOUR SOULS!

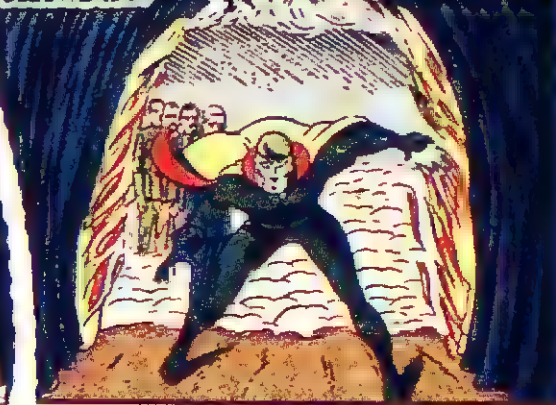


THE SEVEN MEN FOLLOW THE VISION INTO THE WORLD OF SPIRITS...



FOLLOW ME!

Through the door of fire to the land of mad silence, the vision leads his soulless followers!



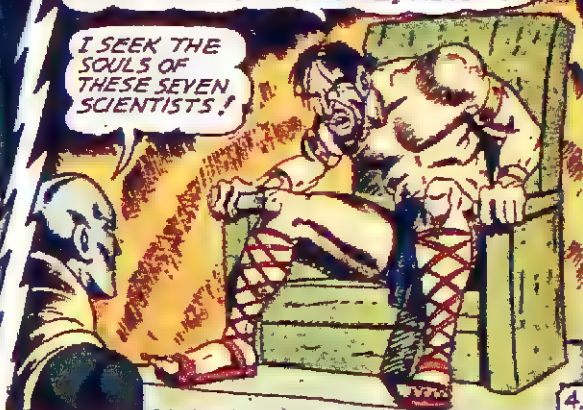
COME, DO NOT WEAKEN, LEST YOUR SOULS BE LOST BEYOND REDEMPTION!

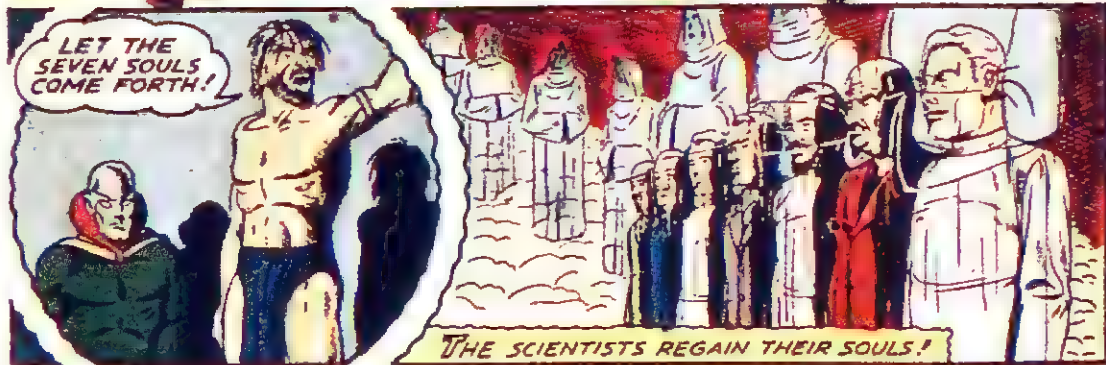
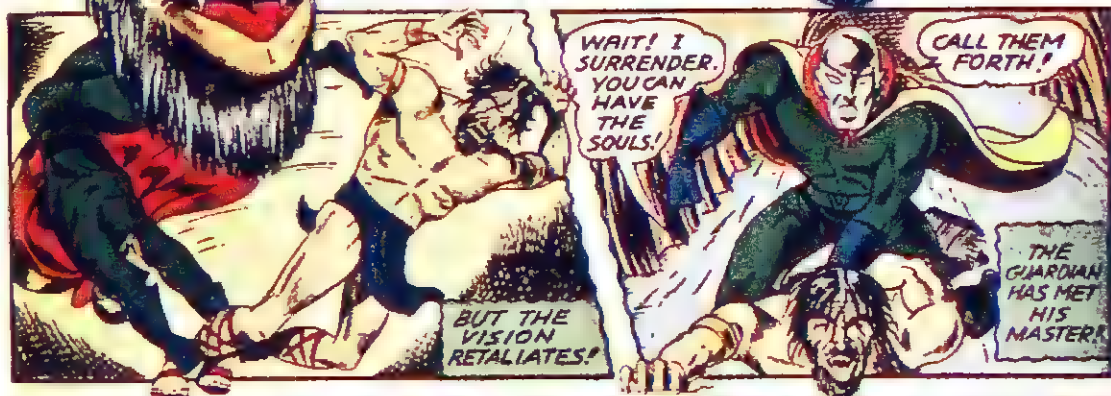
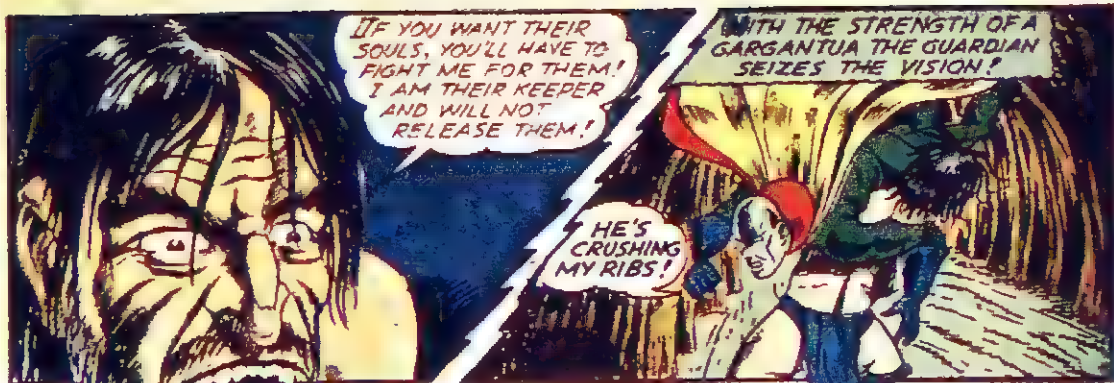


STANDING BEFORE THE GUARDIAN OF THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE VISION DEMANDS THE STOLEN SOULS!

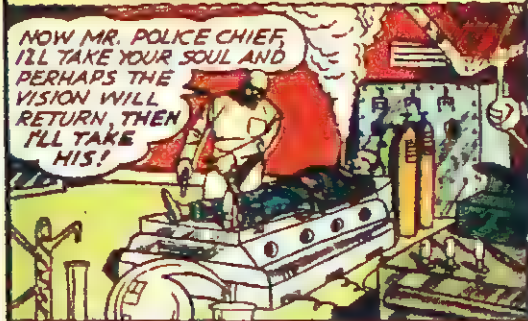
I AM THE KEEPER OF THE LOST SOULS! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, VISION?

I SEEK THE SOULS OF THESE SEVEN SCIENTISTS!

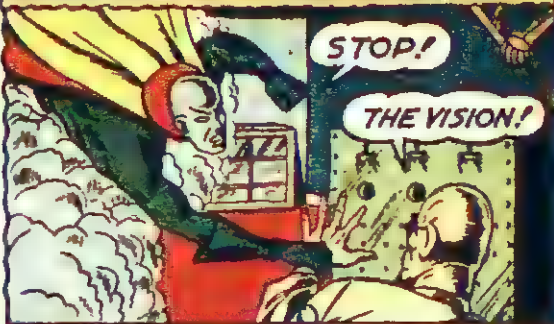




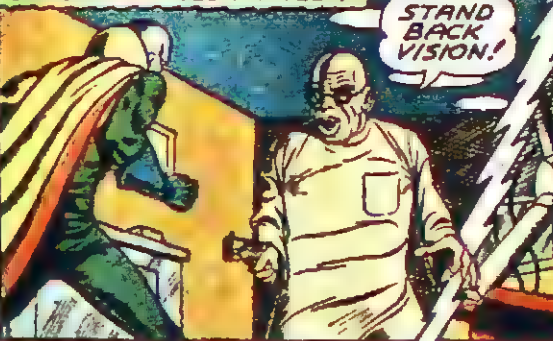
IN HIS LABORATORY DOCTOR KORBEAU IS PREPARING ANOTHER VICTIM!



BUT THE VISION ARRIVES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD JUST IN TIME TO SAVE ANOTHER SOUL!



KORBEAU FREES HIMSELF!



THE MAD DOCTOR PLANS TO MAKE THE VISION HIS NEXT VICTIM.



THE POLICE CHIEF ATTACKS!



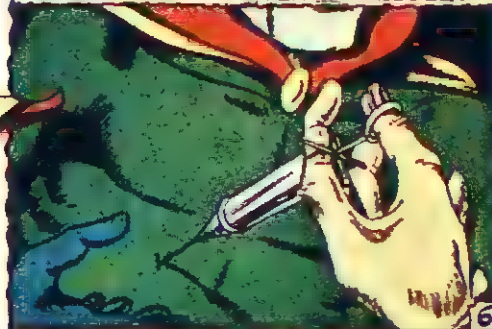
THE VISION STRUGGLES WITH THE SOUL SNATCHER AND THE GUN GOES OFF!

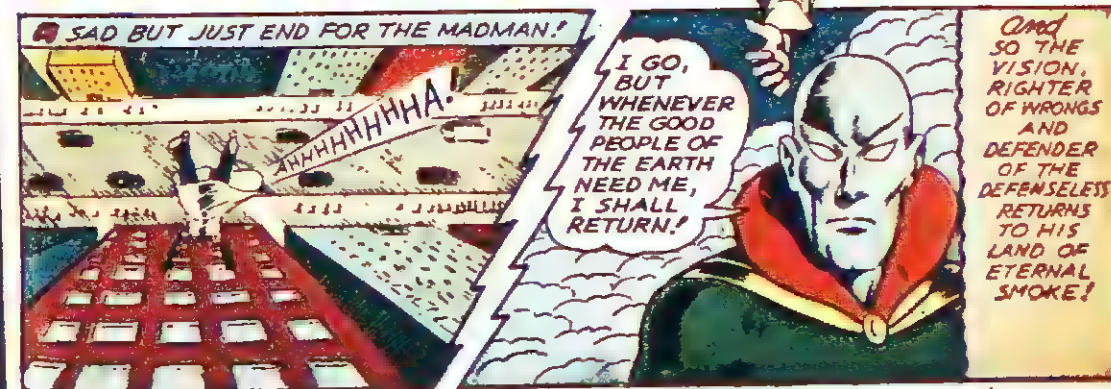
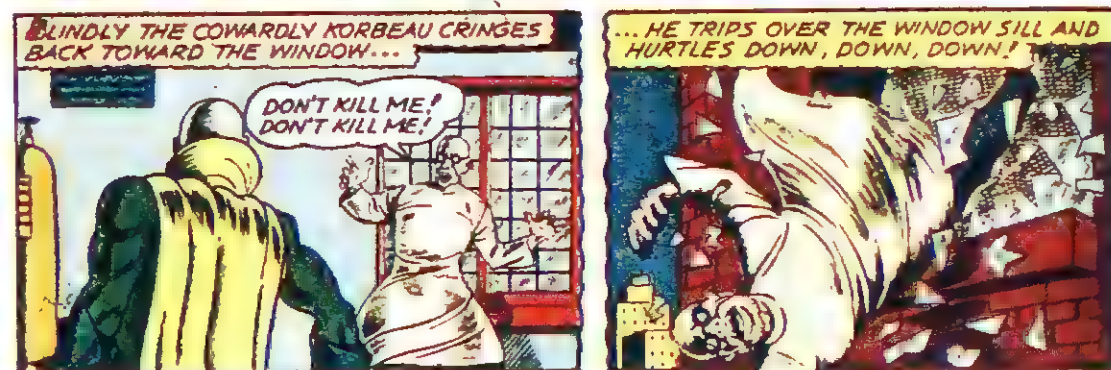
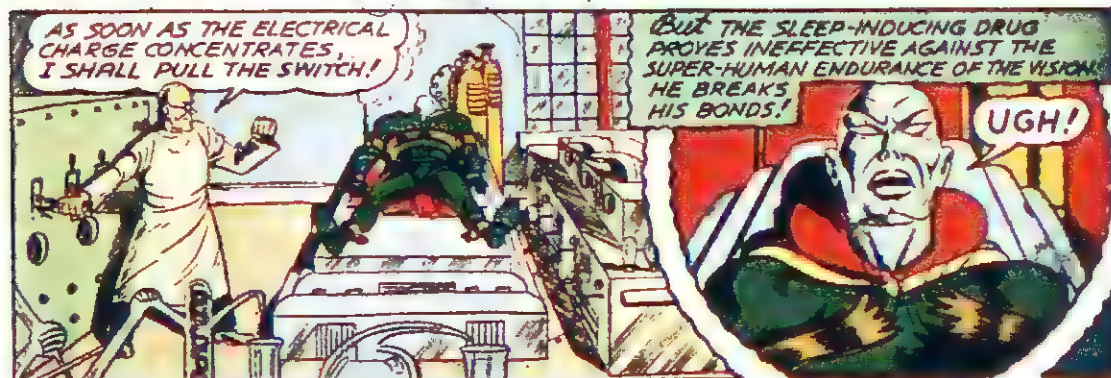
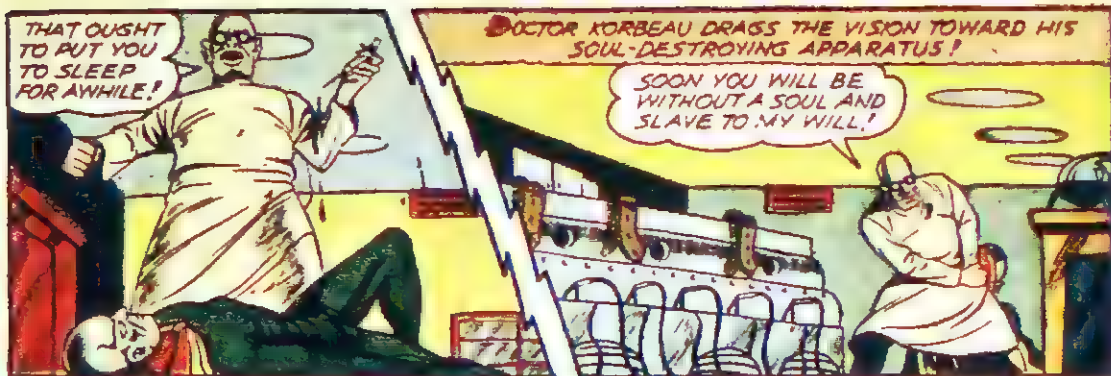


THE BRAVE POLICE CHIEF IS SHOT BY KORBEAU!



DR. KORBEAU MURDEROUSLY STABS THE VISION WITH A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!





The Sea of Grassy Death

By Mickey Spillane

ULL IN YOUR LINES,

Jack, and fast—the bottom just fell out of the barometer! This storm is coming up like nobody's business." Even then, the small cutter was beginning to pitch violently. The young fellow in the stern hauled away on the outrigger lines until they were coiled all over the deck. No time to put them on the drying spools when a blast was headed their way.

The wind began to howl, blowing the tops of the waves into white foam. In a few minutes the chop would turn to mountainous waves; a dangerous situation in a boat only thirty feet long. "Looks pretty bad, Slim!" Jack yelled above the wind. "Maybe we ought to anchor here!"

"Fraid we haven't enough line! Water's too deep here. We'll just have to ride her out." No sooner had he spoken, than the black clouds overhead flashed lightning, and the rain drenched the boat. Slim and Jack dashed into the cabin to keep the craft headed into the storm. They took turns at the wheel, using all their strength to avoid being turned over. Then, with a shuddering impact, a wall of water came over them. The motor hissed out and they were left at the mercy of the sea!

For hours, the boat and its occupants were thrown about; first buried in a trough, then swirled to the high crest. The boys were

smashed against the cabin and tossed about like corks. Finally, they lashed themselves to the wheel-post, but then, other movable objects in the room would come at them as if thrown by a giant hand.

It was a mystery to Jack and Slim how they remained alive, but the stout heart of the boat couldn't be broken, and when the dawn came, the ocean calmed down to a glassy slick. Jack patted the rail and looked at Slim. "Close one, wasn't it?"

"And how! We lost all our tackle, but it was worth it to pull out in one piece." Jack had been studying the water for some time. Even in the early morning haze, what he saw made him jump. With a worried frown he turned to Slim.

"Slim, we're *marooned*! Look—right in the middle of the *Sargasso Sea*!" Slim looked, and his eyes almost popped out. With the mist rising like smoke, the aged, water-logged hulks of vessels came into view, all trapped in an ocean of floating seaweed!

The Sea of Doomed Ships! The deadly mass of purple-green vegetation that trapped unwary ships and held them for all time, now had *them*! When the boys studied their position they knew that they would never fish from their cutter again. "Just looking at this won't do any good," Jack said. "From what I make of it, the only way out is by raft, and the only wood around is on those

ghost ships." Slim didn't like the idea, but in the murky haze of the morning, both stripped down to their pants, and went overboard.

They paddled around ship after ship, but all were rotten to the core—not fit for raft wood, and the lines that hung down over the sides were slimy, green things.

"Over there, Jack! What's that?" Slim pointed a shaking finger at a ball of fog. As if covered with a filmy curtain, the sharp prow of a sailing vessel jutted out of the stuff. The only visible portholes were like huge eyes glaring balefully at them. It was a fearsome sight, but the boys, more out of curiosity than courage, swam over. The mist, for some reason, was not lifting around the black hull of the ship, but hung suspended, so that the deck was hardly visible. Slim was about to say something, when, from the boat came the unmistakable sound of voices! Nothing could have been more startling. Slim was all for getting out of there fast, but Jack held him!

"Something fishy here, Slim. This fog—and those voices. And look! The hull of this boat is in *perfect condition*!"

"Let's park on one of these schooners until tonight, and see if we can get aboard her," Slim said. The setup is even too phoney for *me*!" Together, they

The Sea of Doomed Ships held a horror known to every sailor ... till Slim and Jack unearthed a GREATER terror lurking deep in the Sargasso!

swam noiselessly away to the nearest derelict, and climbed the rotted ropes to the deck. In the daylight their hiding place wasn't so bad, but for the night, Slim decided he'd rather face the voices on the other boat than what might be on this one. They passed the day exploring the hold, but whatever had been on board was long gone, for the bottom was torn clear out of it, and it was resting only on the twisted grass!

DARKNESS CLOSED IN QUICKLY, and before they could lose sight of the mystery ship, Jack and Slim dove in. When they reached the ship, there were no dangling ropes to be seen, so they swam to the rudder chain, and climbed the mossy links to the rear deck. Everything was in order, but no one was about. Careful not to make any noise, they sneaked forward and pressed their noses against a darkened porthole, when something cold and hard pressed against their backs! A voice boomed out of the black. "Vell, spies, huh? Git along there!" Rough hands grabbed them and they were shoved into a cabin, brilliantly lighted, but with the portholes blacked out! At first the boys could hardly believe their eyes—the place was a maze of radio equipment! The drone of a hidden generator was plainly audible!

A dark-faced man came out of a room off the cabin. He took in the situation with a glance. "Tie 'em up and throw 'em in the hold! In the morning, dump 'em both on one of the derelicts!" Before they could say a word, their hands and feet were in ropes, and they were rolled down a flight of stairs into the belly of the ship.

When the sound of footsteps faded away, Jack spoke up. "Quick, get busy on these ropes! No time to lose!" Slim and Jack lay back to back, and worked on each other's bonds. Fortunately, the men who tied them weren't sailors, and, in an hour they were free.

"What goes on here, Jack?" Slim asked, taking a deep breath. "From the looks of things, this is a German ship! Probably radioing the sizes and positions of our convoys to the Fatherland. They're in an ideal spot to pull a stunt like that!" The boys stared at each other intently. Slim broke the silence.

"Then, it's up to us, I guess—Let's go!" They stole up the stairs, and with a little manipulation, opened the lock on the door. There was no sound at all. Evidently, the crew was asleep. Slim located the radio room and softly opened the door. Snoring in a chair was the operator, and to keep him asleep, Slim hefted a handy wrench, and brought it down on his head.

They set to work in a hurry, barricaded the door and windows, and then flipped on the generator. Jack was at the key of the set. In a moment, the air was filled with their urgent message. Jack tapped it out, and at the receiving end, Slim got an almost immediate reply! A destroyer was in the neighborhood and had their position—coming at full speed!

And just in time, for the set went dead as the sound of shoulders smashing against the door reached their ears! But the barricade held. Shots cracked through the panels, and the room shook with the effort to break in! The door was about to give, when a shell screamed through the air!

Jack and Slim thumped each other, shouting, with joy. "THE DESTROYER!"

LATER, ON BOARD the destroyer, with the enemy in irona, the captain congratulated the boys. "You've done your country a great service, men! We've been trying to locate that set a long time!"

Slim looked at Jack. They were still shaking at their close call. "Well, Slim smiled, "if it happens again, I hope it's on land. That doggone Sargasso Sea is too spooky to suit me!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF MAEVEL MYSTERY COMICS, published monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1st, 1941.
State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the MAEVEL MYSTERY COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 611, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must

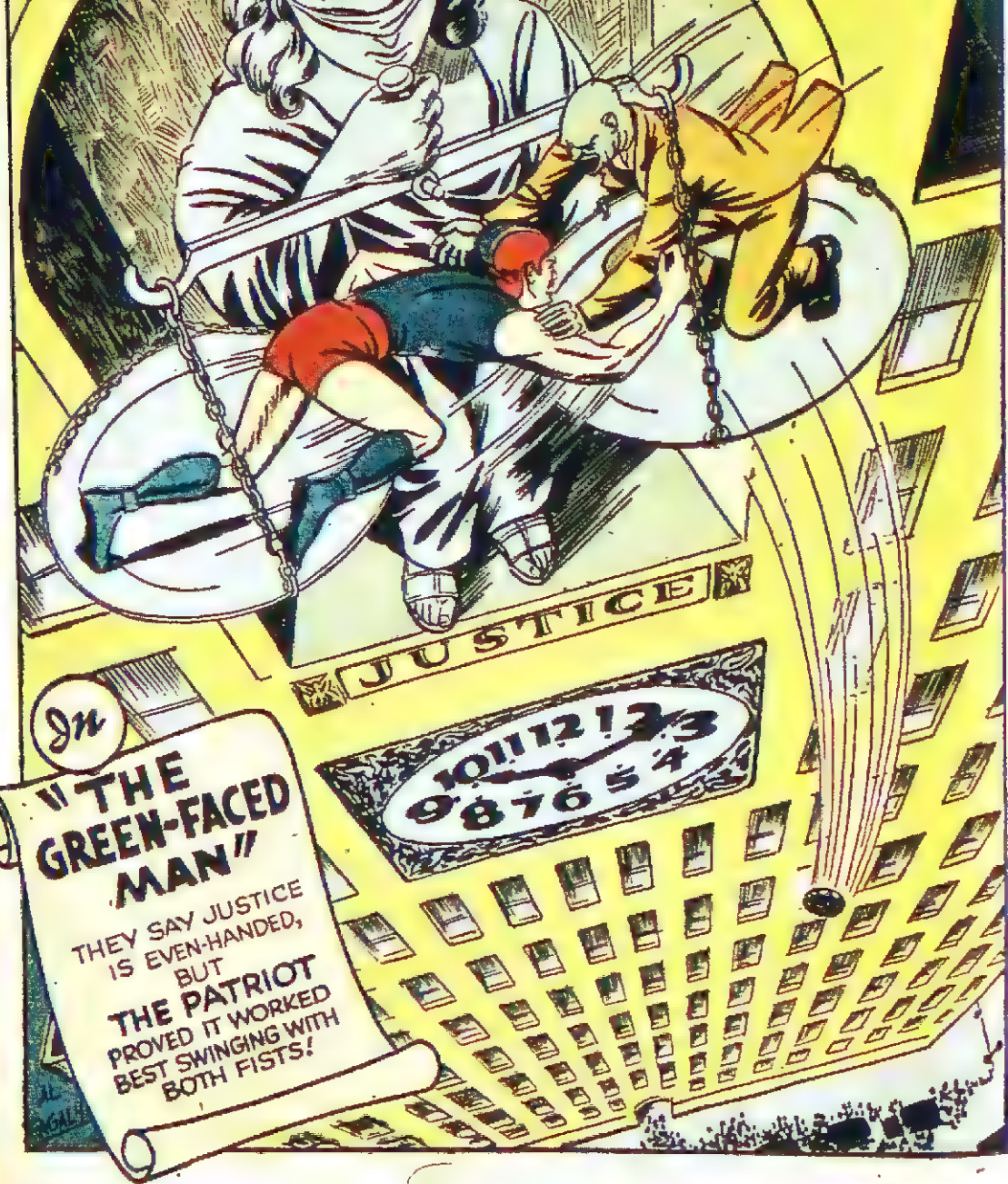
be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941.
(Seal) BERNARD ARBAI
(My commission expires March 30, 1943)

The PATRIOT



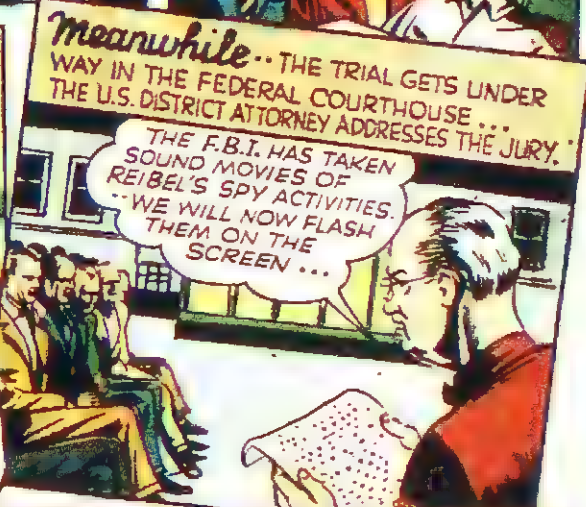
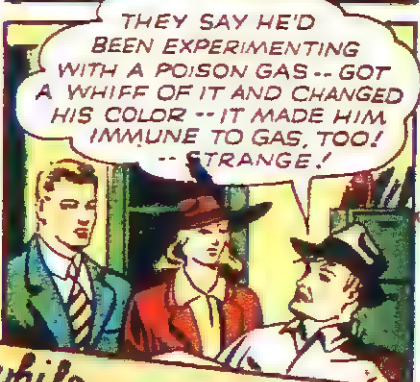
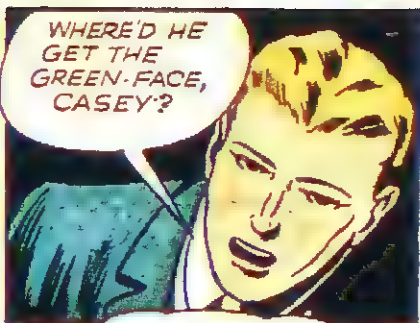
In

"THE GREEN-FACED MAN"

THEY SAY JUSTICE
IS EVEN-HANDED,
BUT
THE PATRIOT
PROVED IT WORKED
BEST SWINGING WITH
BOTH FISTS!



THE MOVIE OPERATOR SUDDENLY DONS A GAS MASK....AND FROM THE PROJECTOR POURS AN OMINOUS GREEN CLOUD.



THE MOVIE OPERATOR SUDDENLY DONS A GAS MASK....AND FROM THE PROJECTOR POURS AN OMINOUS GREEN CLOUD.



CHOKING AND GASPING SPECTATORS.
JUDGE AND JURY FIGHT THEIR
WAY THROUGH THE DEADLY MIST
---- SOME DIE!

NOW TO LOOSEN
THE CUFFS!

LEAVING IN HIS WAKE A PILE OF DEAD AND DYING,
REIBEL FLEES WITH HIS ACCOMPLICE.....

GAS! HA! HA!
I EAT IT UP!

REIBEL!
WAIT!

GANGWAY!

WHAT TH...!
HE'S ESCAPING!
--HERE'S WHERE I
TURN INTO THE
PATRIOT!

ELUDING CASEY AND
MARY, JEFF DONS HIS
FAMOUS COSTUME!

THEY'RE COMING
DOWN THE STAIRS!

SO
AM I!

WHAT'S YOUR
HURRY?

RIGHT OVER
THE PLATE!

YEOW--!

ONE
OUT!

THERE GOES
THE OLD
PICKLE-PUSS!

WHAT
A
TUMBLE!

IN THE LOBBY, HIS ACCOMPLICE UNCONSCIOUS. REIBEL DARTS FOR THE DOOR --- BUT -----

HE FLATTENS THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR WITH A PUNCH!

THE PATRIOT RACES TOWARD ANOTHER ELEVATOR!

COPS!

I'LL TAKE AN ELEVATOR!

YOU GO DOWN
--AND I GO UP!
--FAIR ENOUGH!

GOING DOWN!

WHOA!

THE PATRIOT TAKES OVER THE ELEVATOR AND --- UP IT GOES!

HEY!...
I WANNA
GO DOWN!

ME, TOO!

SO DO
I!

CALM DOWN!
--IT'S YOUR
ELEVATOR AS
SOON AS WE
HIT THE
ROOF!

On the Roof...

WHY, IT'S THE
PATRIOT!

WITH
BELLS
ON!

DESPERATE, REIBEL
LEAPS OVER THE
CORNICHE OF THE
SKY SCRAPER!

HE'S
DROPPING
TO THE
STATUE
OF
JUSTICE!

THE TWO MEN
FALL TO THE
SCALES OF THE
GREAT STATUE.

SUDDENLY,
REIBEL HURLS
SOMETHING--
A GAS BOMB!

BALL ONE!
--LOW AND
OUTSIDE!

NOW YOU'LL
DO SOME
CATCHING!

AN AVENGING FURY, THE PATRIOT LAUNCHES HIMSELF THROUGH THE AIR; HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE STREET!

NOW!

WOW!

SPLAT!

WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK, THE GREEN-FACED MAN PLUNGES DOWNWARD!

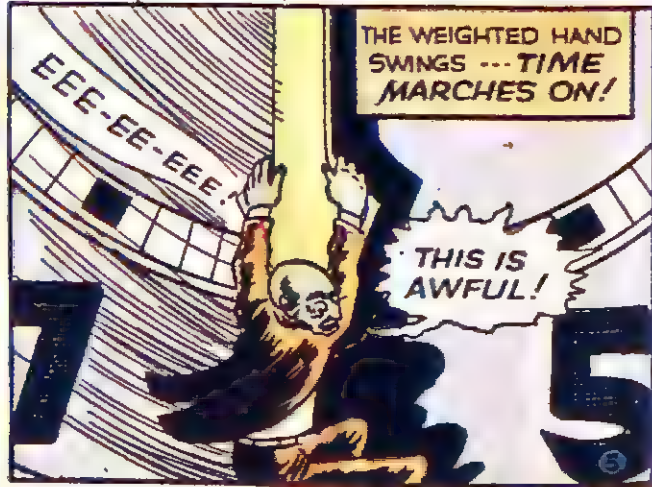
AIVI-YI-EE-EEE

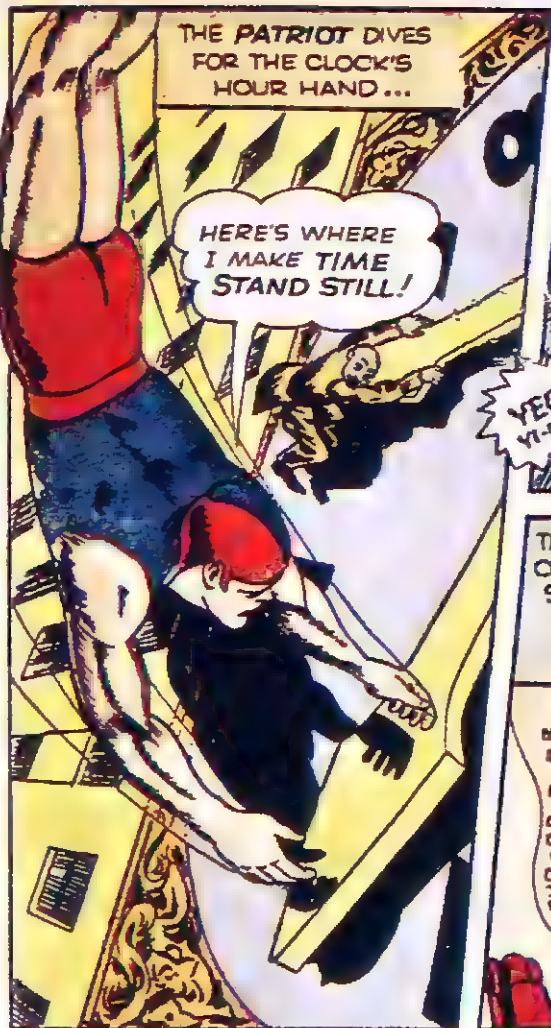
HIS FLAILING HANDS CLUTCH SOMETHING-- THE MINUTE HANDS OF THE BIG COURTHOUSE CLOCK!

WHEW!
-- THAT WAS CLOSE!

THE WEIGHTED HAND SWINGS --- TIME MARCHES ON!

THIS IS AWFUL!





THE PATRIOT DIVES
FOR THE CLOCK'S
HOUR HAND...

HERE'S WHERE
I MAKE TIME
STAND STILL!

YEOW!
YI-YI-YI-YI!



TIME OUT!

SOCKO!

THE HOUR HAND
DESCENDS AND
SO DOES THE
PATRIOT!

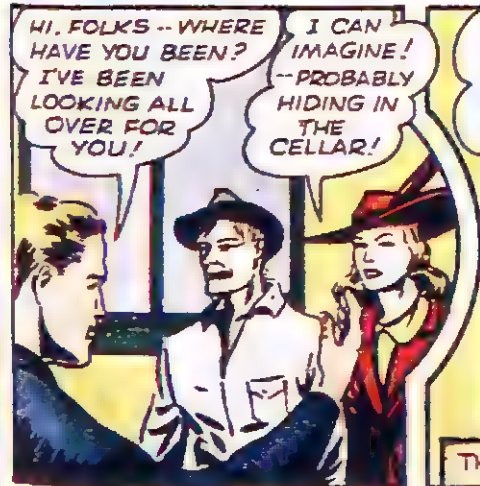
THIS TIME THERE IS NO
CLOCK TO IMPEDE THE
SPY'S DOWNWARD
PLUNGE --- ONLY
DEATH
AWAITS HIM!



NOW TO JOIN
MARY AND
CASEY!



HIS WORK DONE,
THE PATRIOT
BECOMES JEFF MACE!



HI, FOLKS -- WHERE
HAVE YOU BEEN?
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING ALL
OVER FOR
YOU!

I CAN
IMAGINE!
--PROBABLY
HIDING IN
THE
CELLAR!

WELL, THE PATRIOT
CAME THROUGH AGAIN!
-- THE COPS CAUGHT
REIBEL'S ASSISTANT
AND FOUND REIBEL
DEAD ON THE
PAVEMENT!



WHAT
A MAN!

JUST AN
OVER-RATED
BUM!



THE PATRIOT APPEARS HERE AGAIN NEXT MONTH.

Terry Vance

THE SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

by Ray Gill and...

...in...
The Case
of the
**"DEADLY
LETTERS"**

Bob Oksner

LAWSIE!

...WALKIN' SKULLS!
...TALKIN' BEARS!
...AN RUNNIN' SUITS
OF ARMOR! AH'M
RESIGNIN'!



IN THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE
AUBREY DE WOODE'S MANSION...

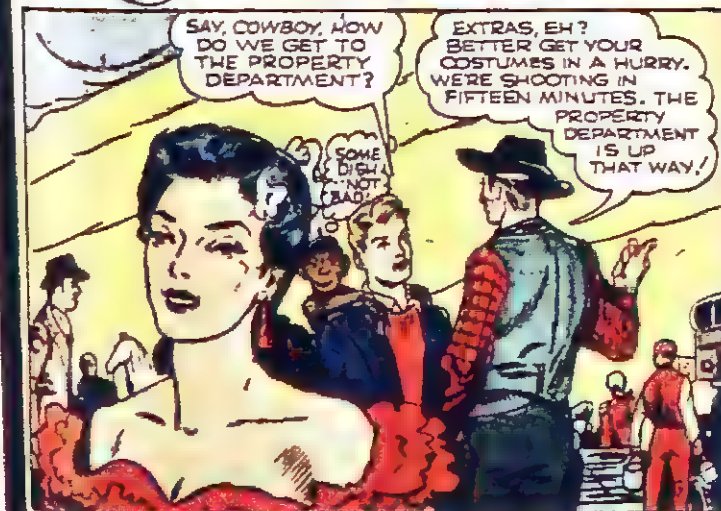
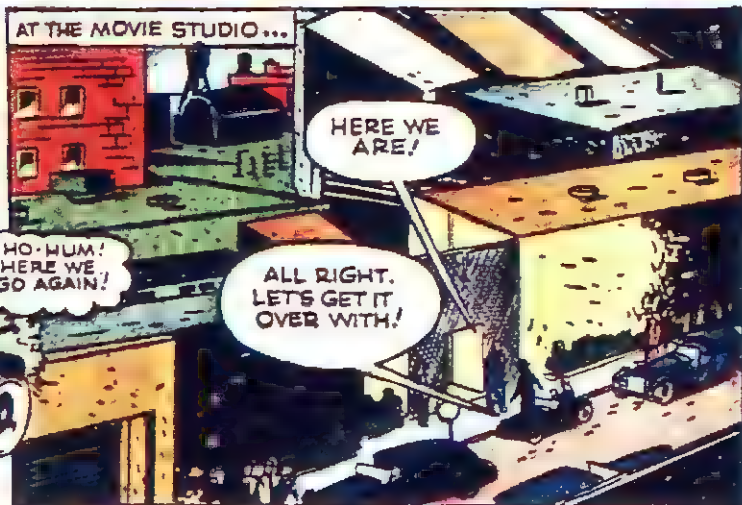
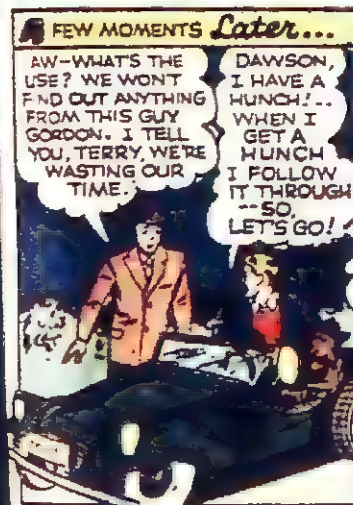
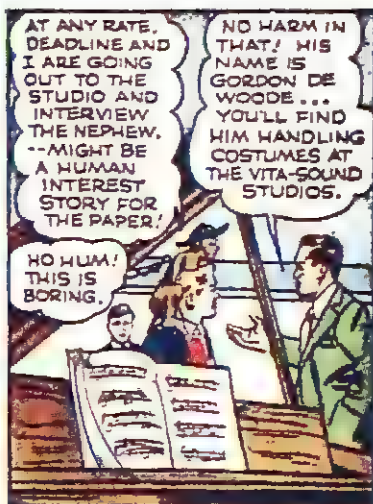
YOU KNOW,
DETECTIVE JENKS,
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT
DE WOODE KILLED
HIMSELF--

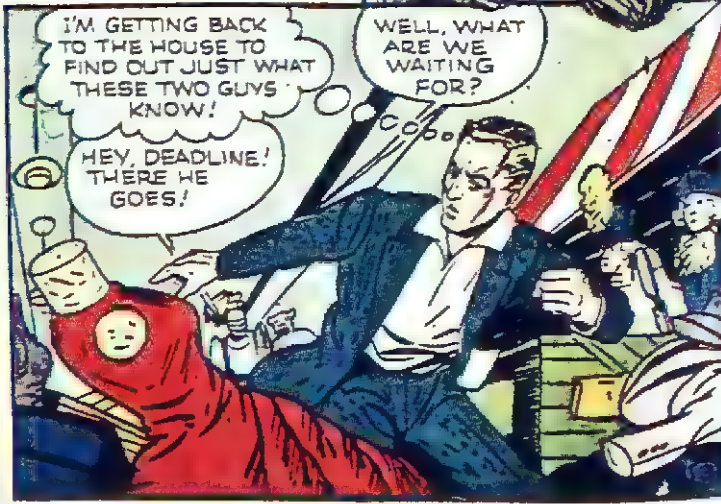
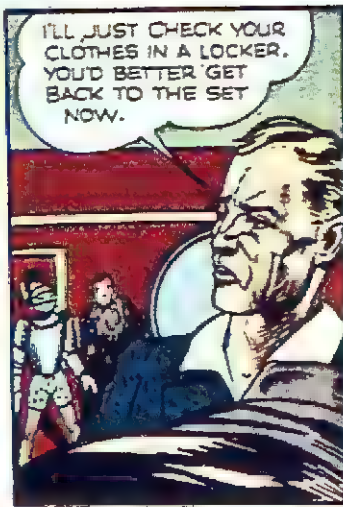
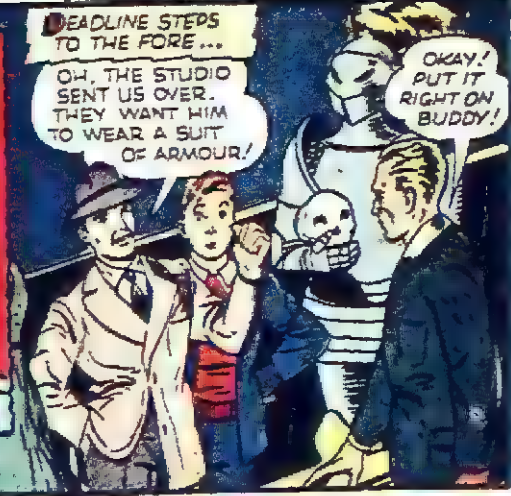
THERE'S NO
REASON
FOR
IT!

SO---?

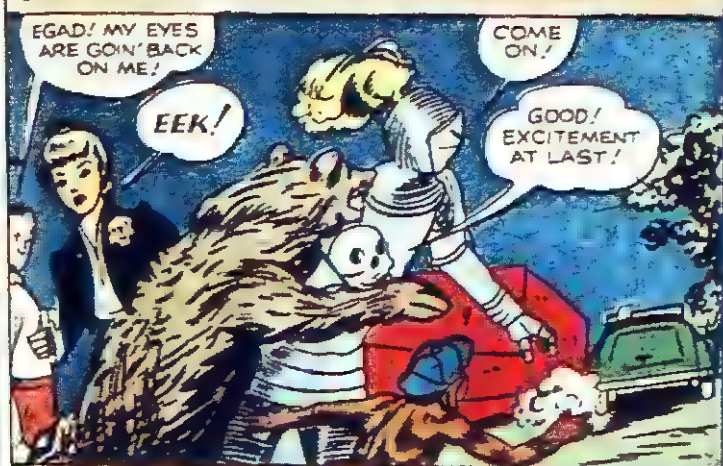
WHEN AUBREY DE WOODE, THE
GREAT HOLLYWOOD MOVIE
DIRECTOR, WAS FOUND DEAD,
THE NEWSPAPERS CRIED "SUICIDE!"
BUT TERRY, DEADLINE, AND
DR. WATSON UNCOVERED THE
SINISTER HAND OF A MURDERER
AS THEY BEGAN TO UNRAVEL
THE POISONOUS PLOT!



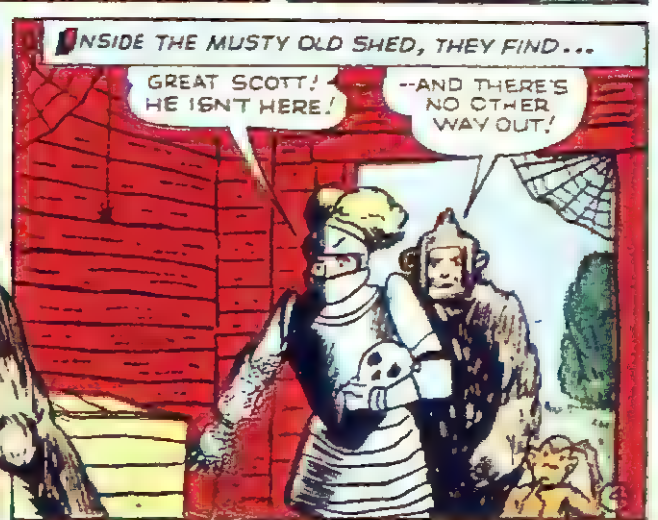
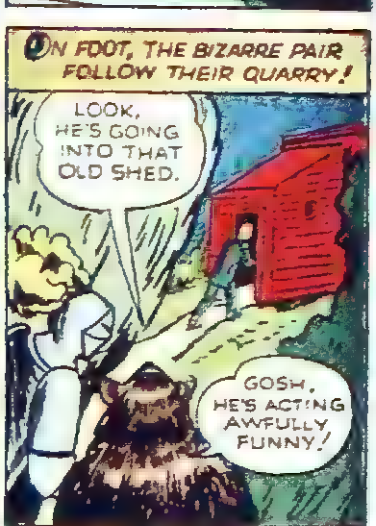




OUTSIDE, THE BOYS SEE GORDON SPEEDING AWAY...



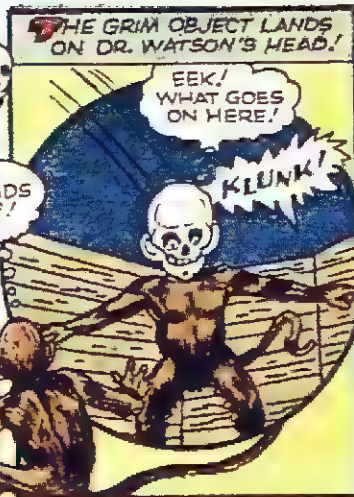
LEAPING INTO THEIR OWN CAR, TERRY AND DEADLINE START AFTER HIM... THEY ARE A STRANGE SIGHT IN THE COSTUMES.





CONSNRN THIS
BLASTED HELMET!
I CAN'T GET IT
OFF! OOPS!
THERE GOES
THE SKULL!

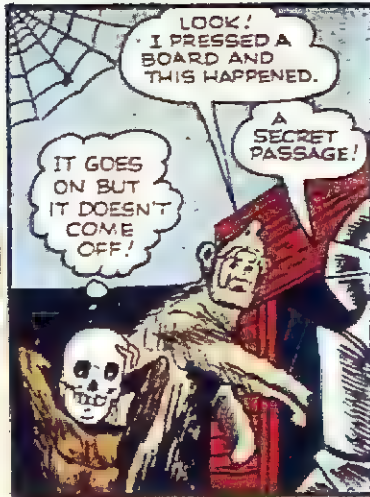
HEADS
UP!



THE GRIM OBJECT LANDS
ON DR. WATSON'S HEAD!

EEK!
WHAT GOES
ON HERE!

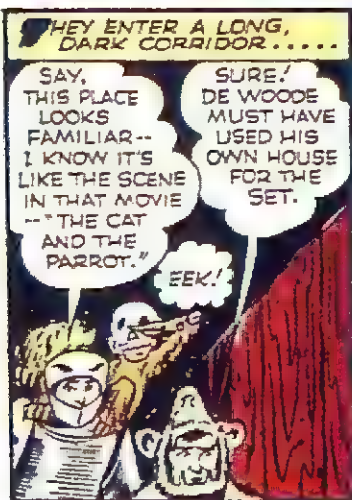
KLUNK!



LOOK!
I PRESSED A
BOARD AND
THIS HAPPENED.

A
SECRET
PASSAGE!

IT GOES
ON BUT
IT DOESN'T
COME
OFF!

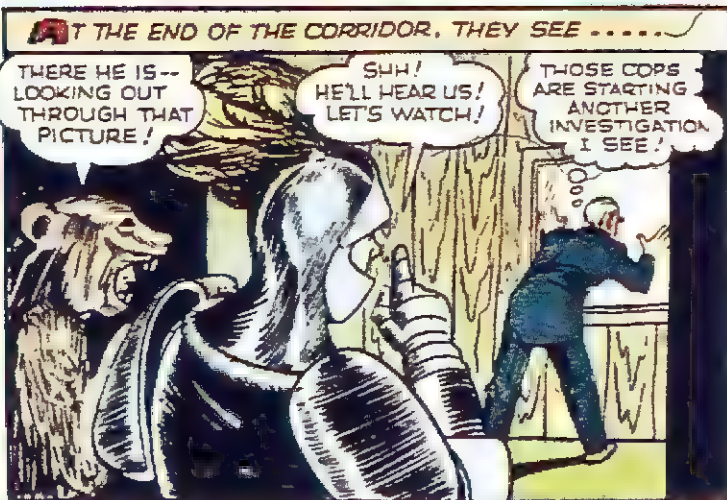


HEY ENTER A LONG,
DARK CORRIDOR.....

SAY,
THIS PLACE
LOOKS
FAMILIAR--
I KNOW IT'S
LIKE THE SCENE
IN THAT MOVIE
--"THE CAT
AND THE
PARROT."

SURE!
DE WOODS
MUST HAVE
USED HIS
OWN HOUSE
FOR THE
SET.

EEK!

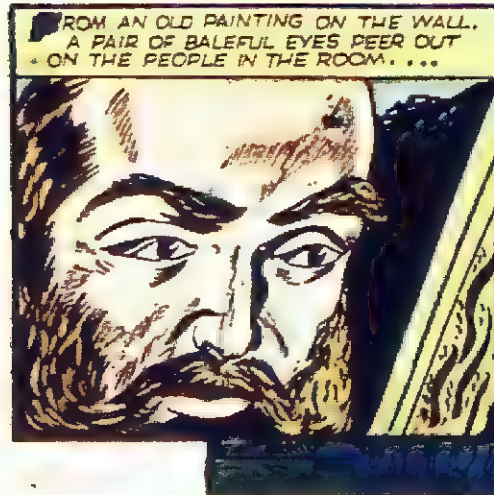


AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, THEY SEE.....

THERE HE IS--
LOOKING OUT
THROUGH THAT
PICTURE!

SHH!
HE'LL HEAR US!
LET'S WATCH!

THOSE COPS
ARE STARTING
ANOTHER
INVESTIGATION
I SEE!



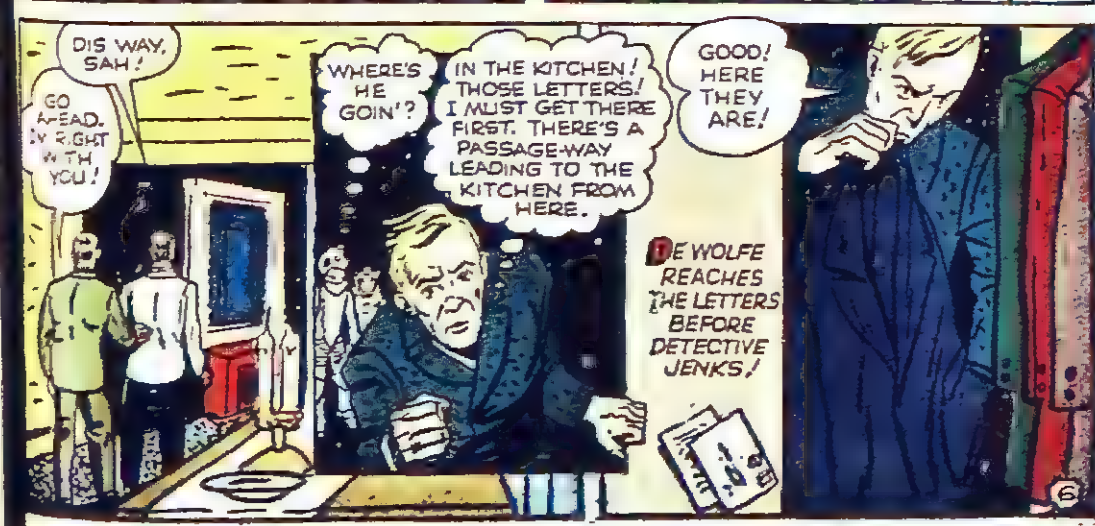
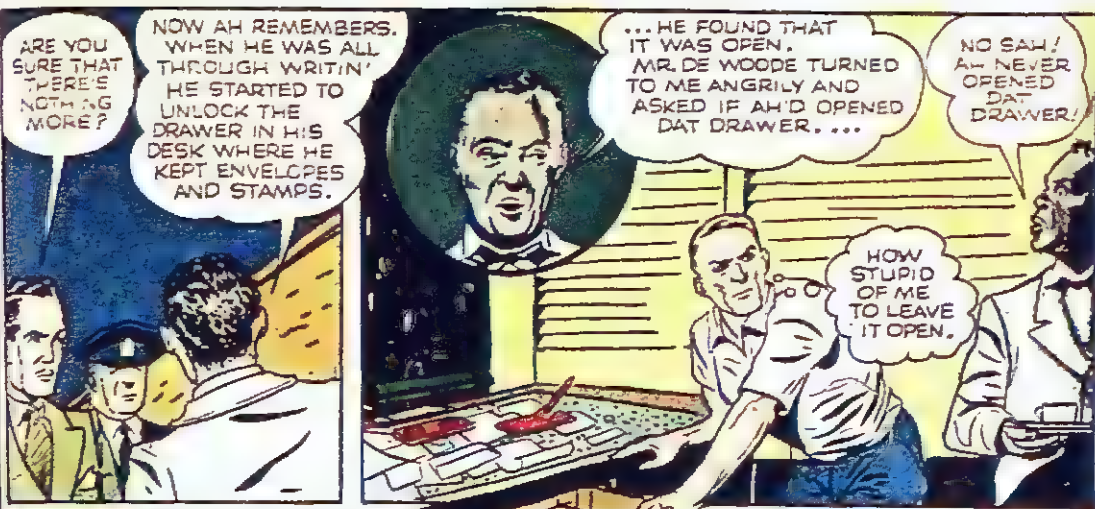
FROM AN OLD PAINTING ON THE WALL,
A PAIR OF BALEFUL EYES PEER OUT
ON THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM....

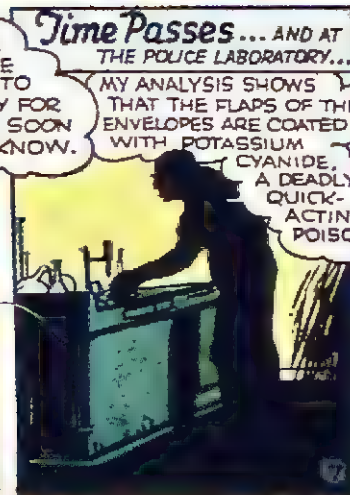
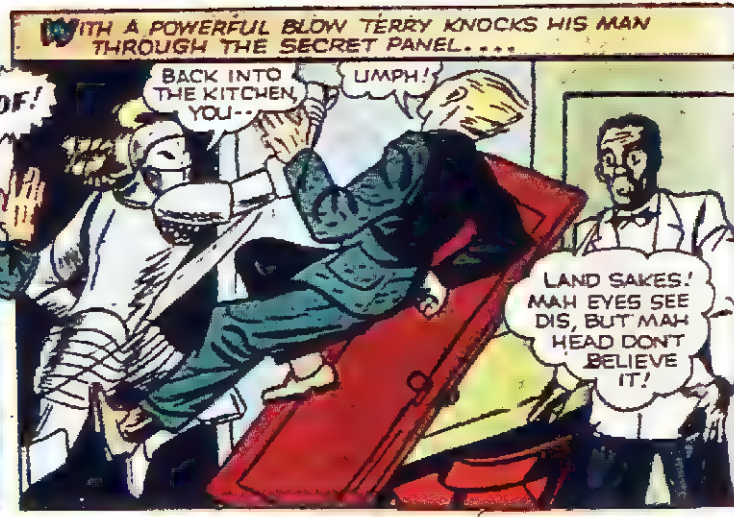


... AND SEE DETECTIVE JENKS
QUESTIONING THE BUTLER....

IT'S LIKE I SAID ... HE WAS
ANSWERING HIS MAIL ...
MR. DE WOODS ALWAYS
ANSWERED HIS LETTERS
PERSONALLY. IT WAS
A HABIT!

THEN
WHAT
HAPPENED?





JIMMY JUPITER

by C. Robbins

Strange Adventures in the
Land of NOWHERE...



Read how Jimmy meets the
terrifying Wump Jump...

OUR
STORY
OPENS
IN
THE
CITY
AIR-
PORT.

LIKE TO GO
FOR A PLANE
RIDE, JIMMY?

OH, BOY!
WOULD
I?

GOES JIMMY!

DON'T FORGET
TO FASTEN YOUR
SAFETY-BELT!

BUT JIMMY IS TOO EXCITED! HE HAS BEEN HANGING AROUND THE AIRPORT FOR A LONG TIME, AND **THIS** IS THE CHANCE HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR-- A REAL AIRPLANE RIDE! IN HIS EXCITEMENT, JIMMY FORGETS TO FASTEN HIS SAFETY-BELT ---AND---

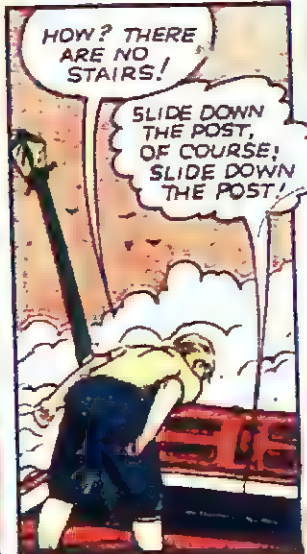
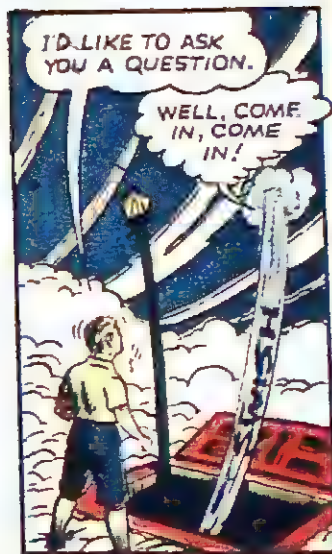
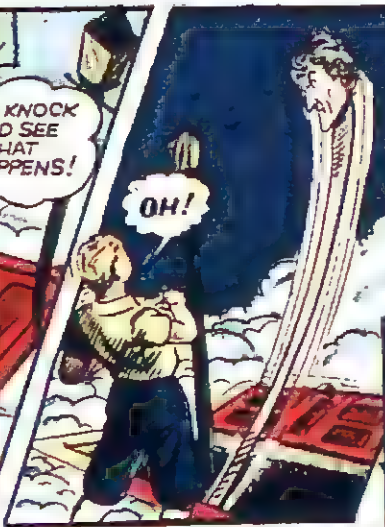
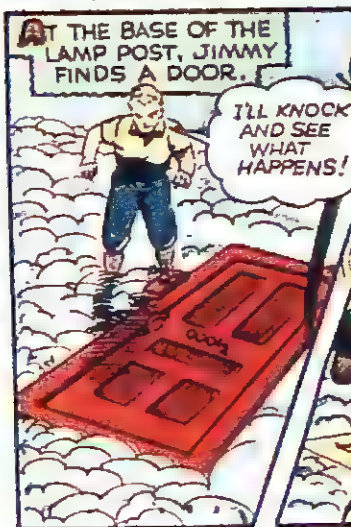
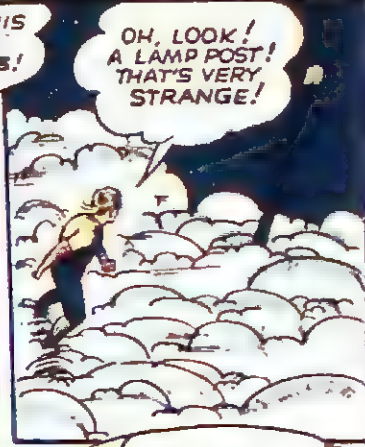
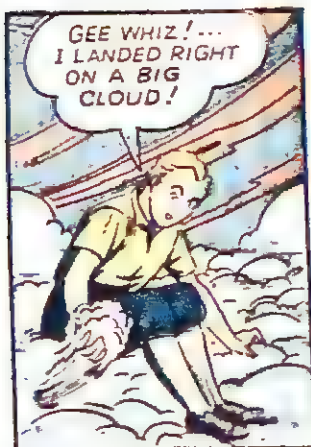
THE PILOT, WANTING TO GIVE
JIMMY A REAL THRILL, DOES
A BARREL LOOP-- AND JIMMY
FALLS OUT OF THE PLANE
WHEN IT TURNS OVER...

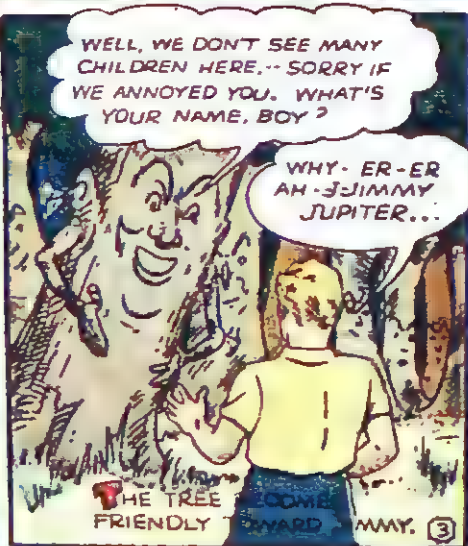
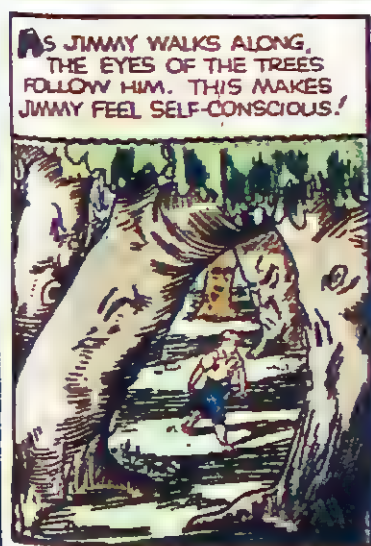
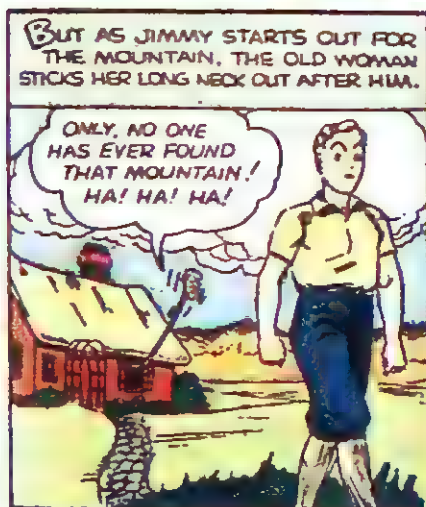
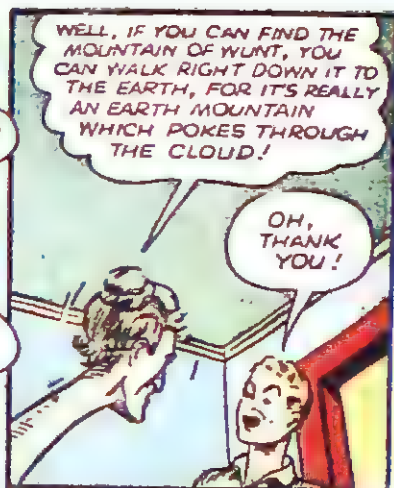
HELP!

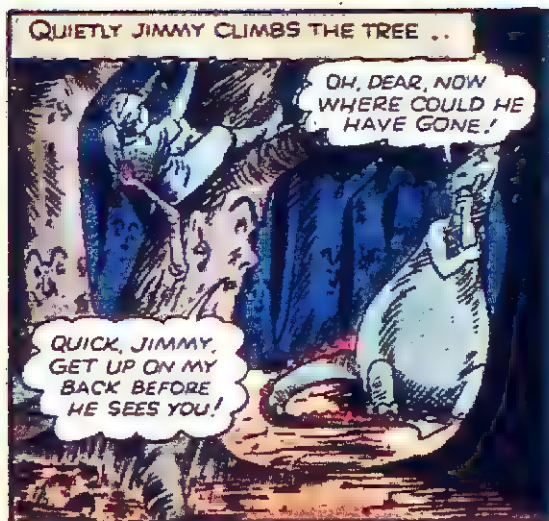
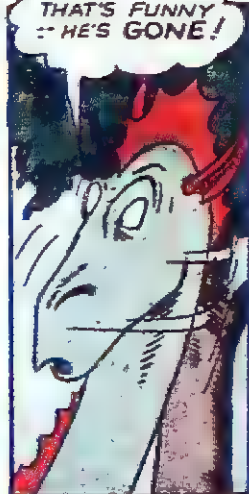
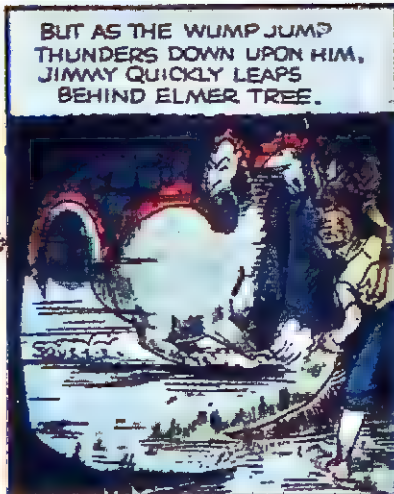
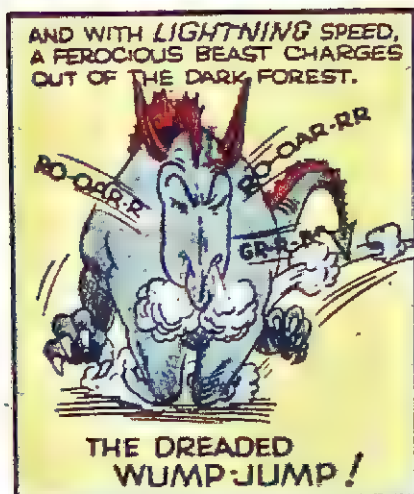
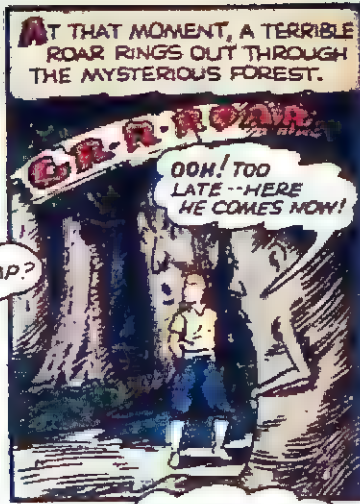
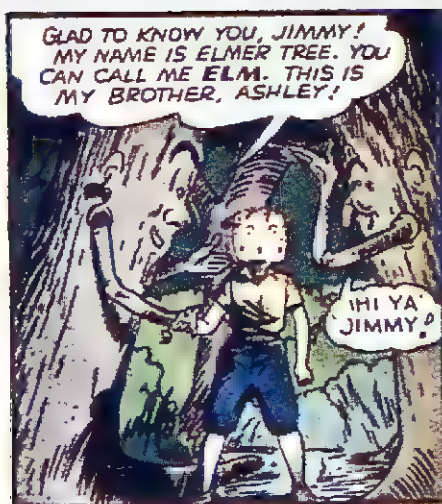
DOWN -- DOWN --
HE FALLS --

THEN -- SUDDENLY---

HE LANDS ON A
BIG, SOFT CLOUD!









HELLO,
MR. WUMP-JUMP!

DON'T YOU
"MR. WUMPJUMP"
ME, YOU COWARD!
WHY DON'T YOU
GET OFF ELMER
AND COME DOWN
AND FIGHT
LIKE A MAN?



BUT I'M NOT A MAN.
I'M ONLY A
BOY!



GOOD! FINE!
SO MUCH THE
BETTER!...

...ER--THAT
IS--IT MAKES
NO DIFFERENCE
-- YOU MUST
FIGHT ANYWAY!



JIMMY
FINALLY
GETS REAL
MAD!

OH, IS THAT
SO!

FIGHT,
EH?



WELL, I'LL GIVE
YOU FIGHT!

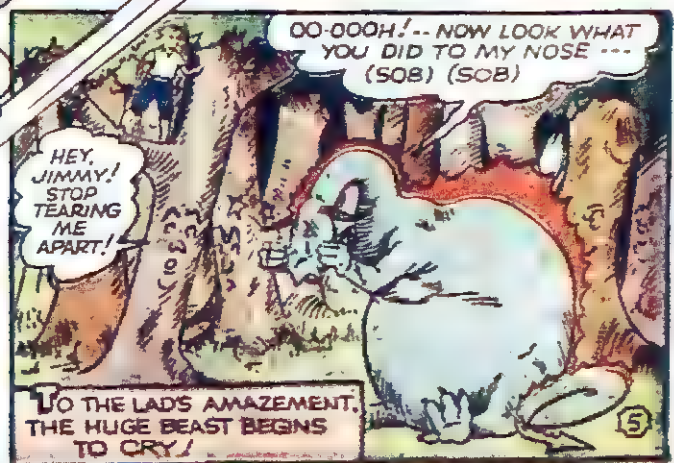


PULLING A TWIG OFF
ELMER, JIMMY HURLS
IT AT THE
WUMP-JUMP!

TAKE
THAT!



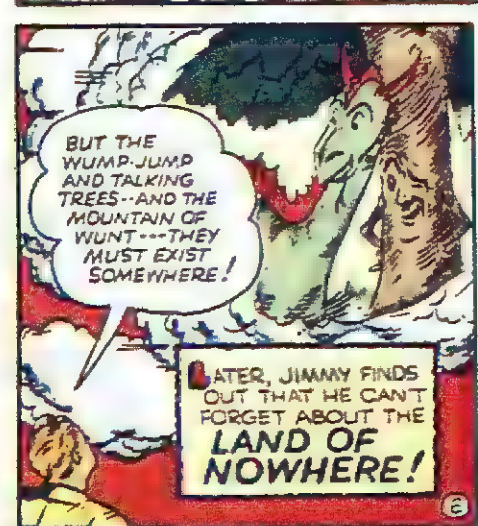
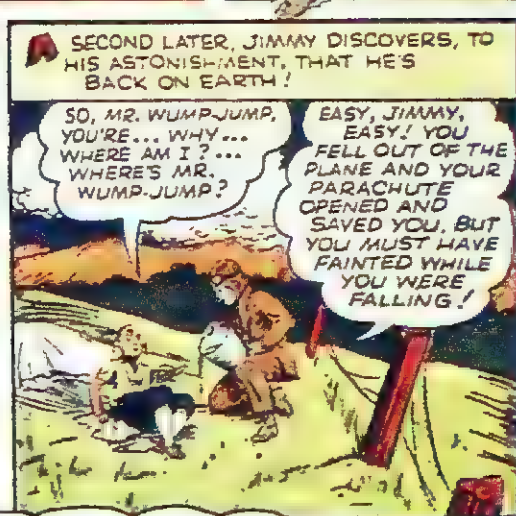
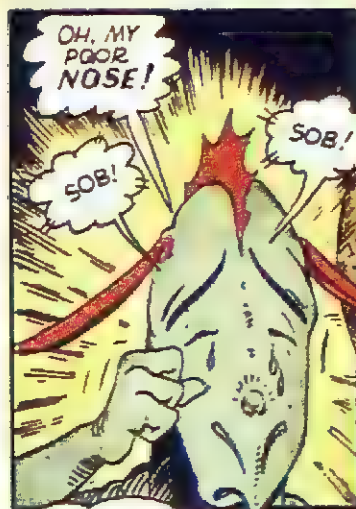
GRR-R-R-R
GROWL!



OO-OOOH!-- NOW LOOK WHAT
YOU DID TO MY NOSE ---
(SOB) (SOB)

HEY,
JIMMY!
STOP
TEARING
ME
APART!

TO THE LAD'S AMAZEMENT,
THE HUGE BEAST BEGINS
TO CRY!



...AND JIMMY DOES GO BACK TO NOWHERE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MARVEL COMICS...**

BACK TO NEW, MORE AMAZING ADVENTURES THAN EVER!

IF YOU LIKE JIMMYS ADVENTURES, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE AND TELL HIM. HE'LL BE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!



THE ANGEL

*'The HORROR
OF THE
HAUNTED
CATHEDRAL'*

OUT OF THE MURKY LOUISIANA SWAMP ROSE A STately CATHEDRAL, GHOSTLY IN THE MOONLIGHT, SILENT AS DEATH! THE **ANGEL** WENT THERE TO LEARN ITS TERRIBLE SECRET. BUT, FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, A NAZI GENERAL, FLEEING THE GESTAPO, DISCOVERED IT FIRST -- A CURSE WHICH LINGERED THROUGH THE CENTURIES -- WAITING -- WAITING TO BE FULFILLED!

THE
STORY
OPENS
ON
THE
RUSSO-
GERMAN
FRONT.



AMBUSHED!
--HELP!

KAMERAD!

AYH-I-I-

HA, HA!
THEY WALKED
RIGHT INTO
A TRAP!

AT AN OFFICER'S
BILLET BEHIND THE
GERMAN FRONT...

WE LOST HALF A DIVISION
BECAUSE OF YOUR BLUNDER,
GENERAL HENCHEL! HERE'S
SOMETHING TO WIPE OUT
YOUR DISGRACE!

IT'S YOUR ONLY
ALTERNATIVE --
SUICIDE OR DEATH
BY HITLER'S
GESTAPO!

NO! NO! THERE'S
STILL ANOTHER
WAY OUT!

THAT NIGHT, HENCHEL
PREPARES TO MAKE A
HASTY DEPARTURE!

A SUBMARINE WILL
BE WAITING FOR YOU,
AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

THANKS AND
GOODBYE!

CRASH DIVE!

--WELL, HENCHEL,
WE'RE OFF FOR
THE U.S.A.!

NIGHTS LATER,
THE U-BOAT
BREAKS THE
SURFACE.

HERE WE ARE,
HENCHEL --
LOUISIANA!

WEIRD
LOOKING,
BUT AN
EXCELLENT
PLACE
TO HIDE!

LIKE A GRAY GHOST, THE
U-BOAT DEPARTS, LEAVING
ITS STRANGE PASSENGER
OF THE SWAMP.

SOON AS I
FIND A DRY
PLACE, I'LL
CHANGE MY
CLOTHES.

ON THE EDGE OF THE
SWAMP, HE PAUSES
OPEN-MOUTHED.

HIMMEL!
A CATHEDRAL
WHAT A
THING TO
FIND
HERE!
BUT
IT WILL
GIVE
ME
SHELTER.

[illegible]

THIS PARCHMENT SA
 "HE WHO TOUCHES THE
 ORGAN KEYS WILL DI
 BUT HE WILL RISE
 AGAIN TO LEAD
 THE ARMY OF
 THE DEAD!"

SUDDENLY A HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION COMES OVER HENCHEL!

HOW LIGHT I FEEL! WHY, I'M A ZOMBIE -- FUEHRER OF THE ZOMBIES!

UP FROM A TRAP DOOR RISE TROOPS OF ZOMBIES, AWAKENED FROM A SLEEP OF CENTURIES!

WE COME, LEADER, TO DO YOUR BIDDING!

KILL!

GIVE US SOMETHING TO KILL!

I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY TO KILL --- AMERICANS! MILLIONS OF THEM! WE'LL DOMINATE THE WORLD! FOLLOW ME!

DEATH!

WE ARE THE ARMY OF THE DEAD!

HA, HA, HA, HA!

AS THE ANGEL RACES FOR THE DOOR, THE ROTTING FLOOR SUDDENLY GIVES WAY!

HIDDEN IN A DARK CORNER, THE ANGEL LEAPS INTO ACTION.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE ARMY! BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOME-HOW!

WHAT THE--?

HE PLUNGES INTO THE CATACOMBS!

A SEPULCHRAL VOICE POIRS FROM THE BONY JAWS!

THIS TALE STARTS IN THE 16TH CENTURY WHEN I HAD FLESH ON MY BONES...

WHISH!

ONE SURPRISE AFTER ANOTHER!
A SKELETON IN THE ROBES OF A MONK!
SPEAK! SPEAK!
IF YOU CAN!



... "A BAND OF SPANISH GOLD-HUNTERS, DISAPPOINTED IN THEIR SEARCH, CAME UPON THE CATHEDRAL ONE DAY...

I'LL WAGER THAT CATHEDRAL IS FULL OF GOLD RELICS!

LET'S RAID IT!



PERHAPS YOU ARE OUR DELIVERER!
... I WILL SPEAK ...

ONE OF THE MISSIONARIES SAW THE APPROACHING PARTY...

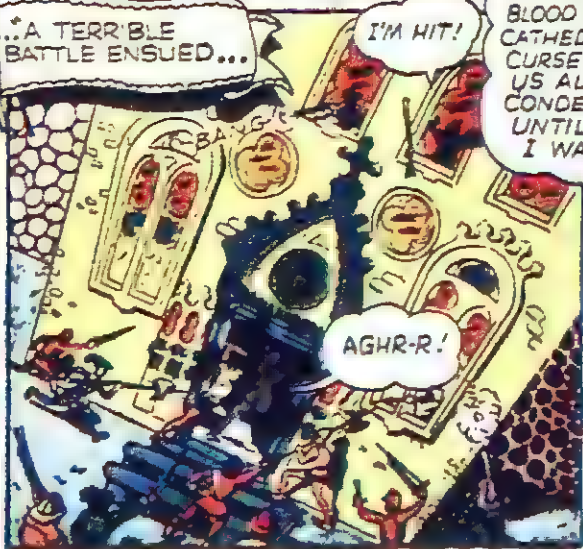
WE'RE GOING TO BE ATTACKED!
FROM THE WINDOWS!

... A TERRIBLE BATTLE ENSUED...

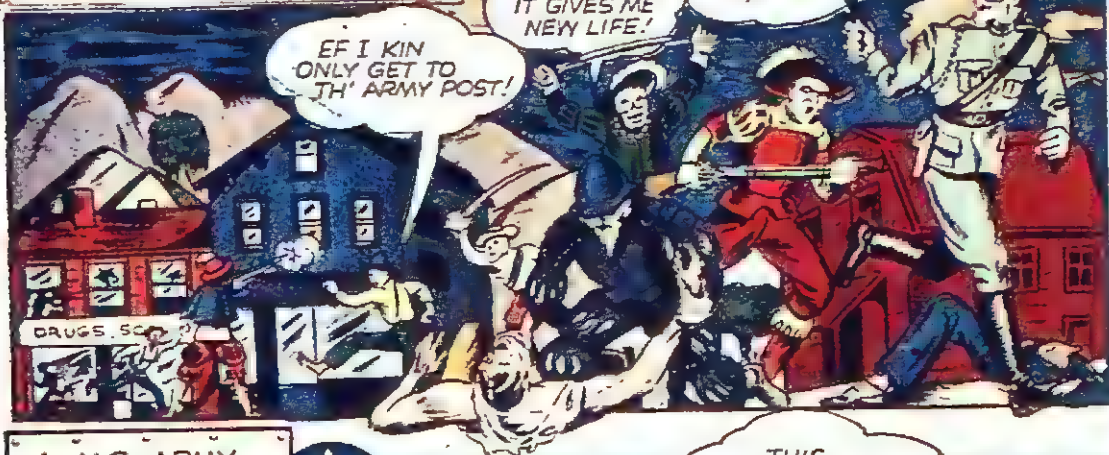
I'M HIT!

... * DEATH WON THE FIGHT!
BLOOD WAS SHED IN THE CATHEDRAL. A TERRIBLE CURSE WAS PLACED ON US ALL. WE WERE CONDEMNED TO BE ZOMBIES UNTIL --- COME CLOSER, I WANT TO WHISPER! "

AGHR-R!



MEANWHILE, THE ZOMBIES LAUNCH
THEIR ASSAULT ON A SMALL
SOUTHERN TOWN!



A U.S. ARMY
TANK DIVISION
IS SUMMONED.



THIS
STEEL BOX WILL
BE YOUR
COFFIN!
HA, HA, HA!

HELP!
WE CAN'T
FIGHT
DEAD
MEN!

LET
GO!

AHA!
A COLONEL!
BETTER COME WITH
ME! YOU MAY HAVE
VALUABLE
INFORMATION!

WE'VE
SEIZED
THE TANKS!
NOW, BACK
TO THE
CATHEDRAL
TO MAP OUT
A PLAN OF
ACTION!

B-7

GREETINGS!
OW, MY HAND!
IT'S LIKE
HITTING
STONE!

AS THE
VICTORIOUS
ZOMBIES
RETURN
WITH THE
COLONEL,
THE ANGEL
FLINGS
HIMSELF
AT
HENCHEL!

AS THE PARCHMENT
FALLS FROM HENCHEL'S
HAND, THE ANGEL
POUNCES ON IT!

GOT IT! NOW TO
DO AS THAT MONK
ADVISED ME!

AS THE PARCHMENT
BURNS, THE
ZOMBIES SHRIEK
AND WRITHE,
AND THEIR BONES
TURN TO
DUST!

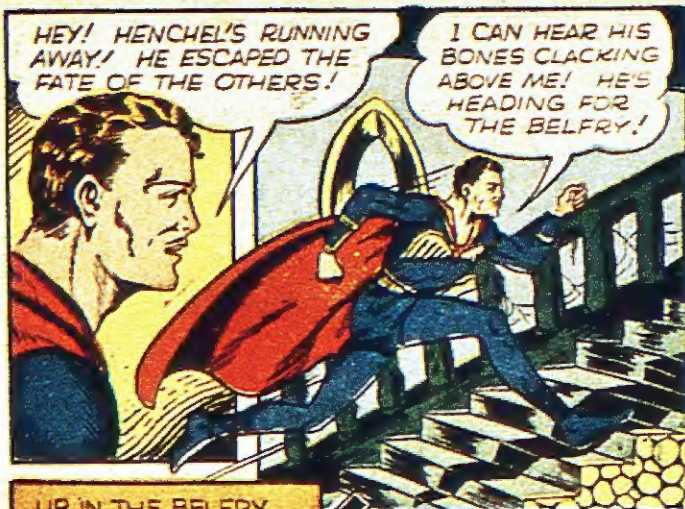
ANGEL, THAT'S
INCREDIBLE!

ACH
HIMMEL!

AI-YI! I'M
FALLING
APART!

HE'S SETTING THE
SCROLL ON FIRE!
STOP HIM!
YEOW-W-W!

IT WORKS!
HEAR HIM
SHRIEK!

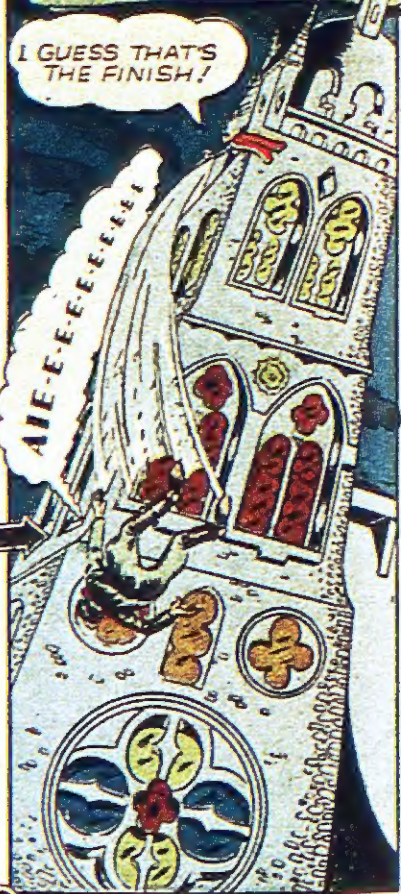


HEY! HENCHEL'S RUNNING AWAY! HE ESCAPED THE FATE OF THE OTHERS!

I CAN HEAR HIS BONES CLACKING ABOVE ME! HE'S HEADING FOR THE BELFRY!

KNOCKED CLEAN OUT OF THE BELFRY, THE ZOMBIE-FUEHRER PLUNGES DOWN WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK.

I GUESS THAT'S THE FINISH!



UP IN THE BELFRY, HENCHEL MAKES A LAST STAND.

HERE'S A LITTLE JAW-BREAKER!

YEOW!



AND HERE'S ANOTHER!

YI-YI!



WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, HENCHEL'S BONES CRACK AND COLLAPSE!

THAT FINISHES THE CURSE, TOO! MAY THEY ALL REST IN PEACE!

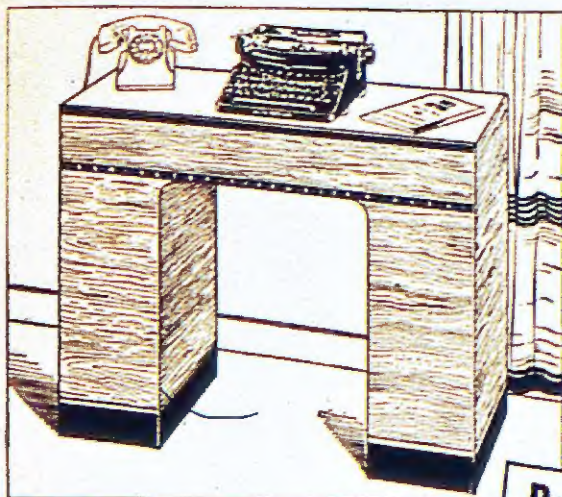
AS THE COLONEL DEPARTS, HE PAUSES TO SEE SOMETHING FALL ACROSS THE WALL



THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!



The ANGEL RETURNS IN THE NEXT MARVEL



ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU!

LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

**Remington's Amazing
Combination Offer**

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. **DO IT TODAY!**



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 423-3
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington ten pay way. Send Catalogue.

Name

Address

City State

Get a **DAISY AIR RIFLE** WITH YOUR **Christmas** **Cash!**



Here's Little Beaver, Red Ryder and his horse "Thunder"



LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION!
Twist 60" magazine - pour in 1000 shots in 20 seconds - then shoot 1000 times without reloading once!

GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!
Those glimmery golden-colored bands round muzzle an fore-piece look mighty pretty... like th' gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of em!

SOME SIGHTS, PARDNER!
Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range - lower it for short. Small notch for target work - large for snapshooting. Th' Golden-Colored front sight reminds yuh of th' Golden West!

CARBINE STYLE FORE-PIECE!
Grab this bucky, semi-curved, full length, hand-hold - it'll wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock.

SHOOT The Famous
DAISY 1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.
COWBOY CARBINE

If you get (or got) money for a Christmas Gift—use it to buy Daisy's famous 1000-shot Red Ryder Cowboy Carbine. Looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle Carbine. Glance over these features: (1) Carbine-style quick cocking lever; (2) Lightning-Loader Invention, 1000 shots in 20 seconds; (3) Gun metal blue barrel circled by two Golden Bands; (4) Adjustable double-notch rear sight; (5) 16-inch leather thong knotted to Swivel Carbine Ring for hanging to saddle, bicycle or wall of your room; (6) Red Ryder's name and picture on pistol-grip walnut-finish stock. "It's a Daisy"—quality from muzzle to butt. Buy yours now from your hardware, sports goods or department store. If they haven't it (or there is no Daisy dealer near you), send us \$2.95—we'll rush yours postpaid in beautiful colored carton. Duty added in Canada on all Daisys.

DAISY CATALOG and RED RYDER'S SHOOTING MANUAL FREE!

Write quick for Free Daisy Catalog and Free OFFICIAL Red Ryder Shooting Manual. Learn to shoot the right way. Red Ryder shows you how! Write!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 882 UNION STREET, DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.